peter **milligan** · chris **bachalo** · mark **pennington** · bryan **talbot**

shade the changing man™

scream time

JAMIE HEWLETT

"For those able to dance within a dream, SHADE can be a marvelous experience."
— IGN

VERTIGO

shade the changing man

scream time

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SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN: SCREAM TIME

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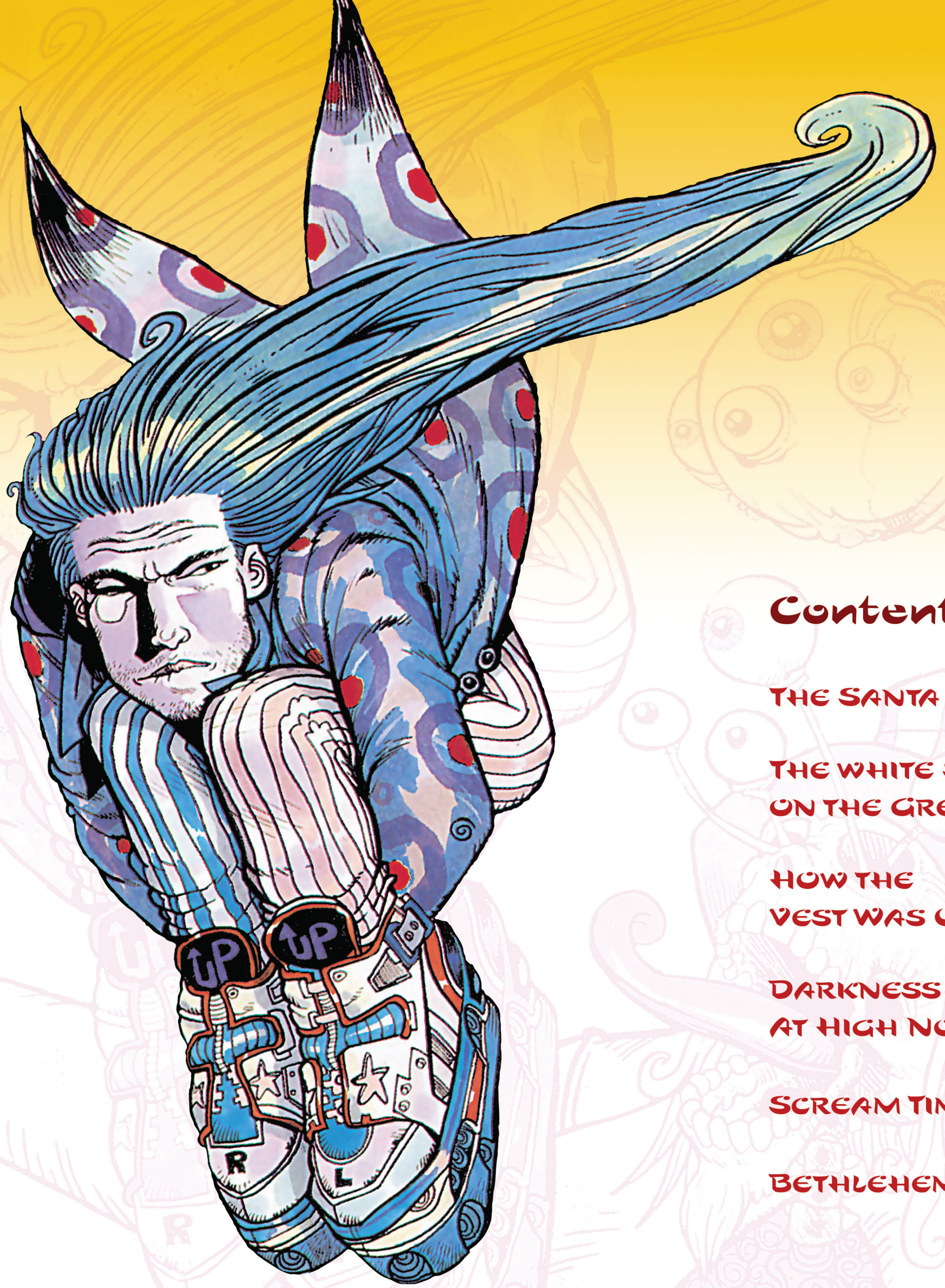

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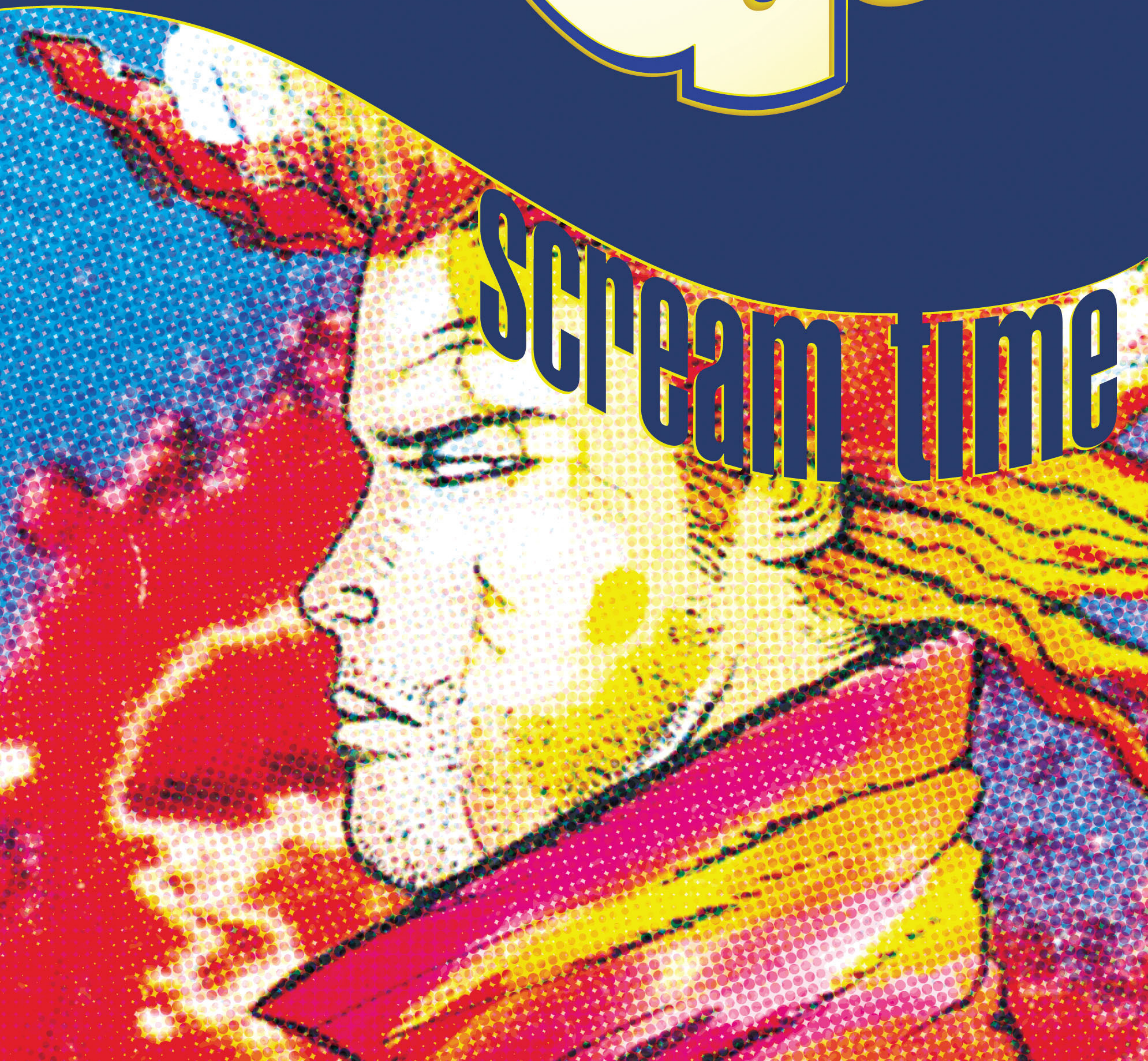
shade the changing man

scream time



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SHADE the ChaNginG man
SHADE,
THE CHANGING MAN
No. 14
US $1.50
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AUGUST 1991
SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS
THE FISH PRIESTS COMETH
BY MILLIGAN, TALBOT & PENNINGTON
JAMIE HEWLETT 1991

HE'S STARTING TO HIT HER NOW.
YOU THINK I'M MADE OUT OF MONEY, HUH? BITCH?
PLEASE... I DIDN'T MEAN...
I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND LISTEN TO IT.
YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE. YOU RUIN EVERYTHING. YOU'RE LIKE A POISON, INFECTING EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH, YOU SLUT...
I ALWAYS KNEW THIS OLD ARMY KNIFE WOULD COME IN HANDY...
HONEY... PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T...
AT LEAST THIS MIGHT MAKE ME STOP WORRYING ABOUT KATHY FOR A WHILE.
13
AAIGHHHH!
IT'S WEARING ME DOWN, THIS WORRYING ABOUT HER. SHE'S FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE...
THE DOOR'S OPEN... I'M COMING IN...
I ONLY WISH I KNEW WHAT I WAS FIGHTING FOR...
GOD, WHY CAN'T THINGS BE NORMAL ONCE IN A WHILE?

THE SANTA FE TRIAL
PETER MILLIGAN: WRITER
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DANIEL VOZZO: COLORIST
TODD KLEIN: LETTERER
ALISA KWITNEY: ASST. ED.
KAREN BERGER: EDITOR
"SHADE BASED ON THE CHARACTER CREATED BY STEVE DITKO"
HAVE YOU COME TO WATCH? IS THAT PART OF THIS TOO? YOU WATCHING?
THE TIFFANY WALLACE GETS BEAT UP SHOW?
20
FZZZ
AIGHGHH!

MY GOD! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
YOU MUST BE NEW IN SANTA FE. ALL DAY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TRIED AND SENTENCED. EVERYONE'S GUILTY, SEE, NOT JUST ME...
YOU'RE NOT ON THEIR SIDE, ARE YOU? YOU HELPED ME!
WHAT WERE THOSE THINGS DOING TO YOU?
DOES THAT HURT?
I CAN LIVE WITH IT. IT'S ALL QUITE SIMPLE.
I WAS WALKING ALONG AND I SAW A FEW CIGARETTE PACKS AND CRUSHED CIGARETTE ENDS ON THE SIDEWALK...
AND BY COINCIDENCE I'D BEEN THINKING ABOUT A TIME A FEW YEARS BACK WHEN I DROPPED A CIGARETTE ON THIS NEW PERSIAN RUG MY HUSBAND HAD JUST BOUGHT AND BURNT A HOLE...
AND SO THOSE PACKET MEN APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE AND STARTED CARRYING OUT MY SENTENCE ON ME...
YOUR SENTENCE?
MY SENTENCE. THAT I SHOULD BE CONTINUALLY BEATEN AND HUMILIATED FOR ALL MY BADNESS AND I SHALL DESERVE EVERY MINUTE OF IT.
HEY, I'M ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES. LOOK AT THAT GUY...
NAME'S GEORGE CRUMPINGS.
HE WAS ARRESTED BY THE FISH PRIESTS. BOY, AM I GLAD I'M A LUTHERAN.

APPARENTLY HE'D SNEAKILY EATEN SOME *MEAT* ON A *FRIDAY* WHEN HE WAS A KID AND LIED TO HIS MOTHER ABOUT IT. SAID IT WAS SALMON. MOTHER WAS A DEVOUT CATHOLIC.
THE FISH PRIESTS FORCE-FED HIM SALMON UNTIL HE CHOKED TO DEATH.
THIS IS INSANE.
LOOK. ANOTHER TRIAL. THE *GODFATHER* IS REALLY TURNING THEM AROUND...
THE *GODFATHER?*
THE GUY IN RED. THE *GODFATHER OF GUILT*. THAT'S MY NAME FOR HIM.
DAN MARTINS. SIX YEARS AGO YOU HAD A LOVER CALLED FRANCIS WHO HAD A BAD DREAM ABOUT BEING SEXUALLY ABUSED BY MEN IN TALL WHITE HATS.
WHEN SHE TOLD YOU ABOUT THIS YOU LAUGHED. LAUGHED! HOW DO YOU PLEAD?
G-G-GUILTY... GUILTY...
I'M GUILTY!

YOU'VE DISRUPTED THE PROCEEDINGS...
I CAN SEE THE DEEPEST, THE TINIEST NUGGET OF GUILT.
YOU. SHADE. YOU ARE *RIDDLED* WITH GUILT. YOUR SENTENCE IS LONG OVERDUE...
WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD YOU CAUGHT A SMALL INSECT IN A JAR...
I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. YOU'VE BEEN GRIPPED BY A *MADNESS*. I'M HERE TO HELP YOU GET RID OF IT...
THAT'S IRRELEVANT. IF YOU DON'T LET ME HELP YOU I'LL HAVE TO STOP YOU ANYWAY. I...
SILENCE! YOU TORE THIS INSECT'S LEGS OFF JUST TO SEE HOW IT FELT TO INFLICT PAIN AND **DEATH**. DO YOU REMEMBER?
DO YOU REMEMBER?
WELL...YES. MAYBE I DID, BUT...
ADMISSION OF GUILT ACCEPTED! YOU WERE A LITTLE DEVIL! YOUR SENTENCE TAKES EFFECT IMMEDIATELY...
I MIGHT HAVE A LOT OF REASONS TO FEEL GUILTY, BUT NOT THAT. IF YOU CAN SEE MY GUILTY SECRETS WHY NOT FIND A *REAL* ONE, NOT A PETTY BIT OF CHILDISH SPITE.
THE MORE PETTY THE BETTER. BECAUSE THAT SHOWS JUST HOW THOROUGHLY GUILTY YOU ARE. YOU'RE GUILTY OF BEING GUILTY. YOUR EVERY ACTION IS BOTH AN ACT OF, A REASON **FOR**, AND AN ADMISSION OF GUILT.

AHHHH... MY HEAD...
THE SENTENCE IS BEGINNING, SHADE.
THEY WILL GROW AND GROW AND GROW...
...UNTIL THEY'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO RIP YOUR LEGS OFF AND SLOWLY KILL YOU. YOU PROBABLY HAVE A DAY TO LIVE...
...THAT'S IF THE OTHER INSECTS DON'T GET YOU FIRST. COURT ADJOURNED...
OH GOD. THEY'RE INSECT LEGS, AREN'T THEY?
IT'S MY FAULT, ISN'T IT? I'M SORRY...
HOW CAN IT BE YOUR FAULT?
EVERYTHING'S MY FAULT. THAT'S WHAT MY HUSBAND SAYS, ANYHOW. THAT'S WHY HE BEATS UP ON ME SO OFTEN. HE ALSO THINKS I ONLY MARRIED HIM FOR HIS MONEY...
TRUTH IS HE ONLY MARRIED ME TO HAVE SOMETHING PRETTY ON HIS ARM. HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO KILL ME ONE DAY WITH HIS ARMY KNIFE...
WHERE'RE YOU GOING?
I'VE GOT TO FIND THE MADNESS. I CAN FEEL THESE THINGS GROWING AND I THINK I'LL GO CRAZY BEFORE THEY'RE LONG ENOUGH TO KILL ME...
YOU'RE NOT JUST GOING TO LEAVE ME, ARE YOU? I THOUGHT WE WERE STARTING TO BE FRIENDS.

MY GOD! HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SUCKED INTO THIS?
HUNDREDS PROBABLY. LOOK AT THAT POOR FAMILY OF BALLOON HEADS. KEPT THEIR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS UP PAST EASTER.
AND I THINK THAT GUY OVER THERE WAS A TOOTHPASTE SQUEEZER...
TOOTHPASTE?
SQUEEZED IT FROM THE WRONG END OF THE TUBE.. YOU'RE SPECIAL, AREN'T YOU? I MEAN, THE THINGS YOU DO...
I'M TIFFANY, BY THE WAY. FRIENDS CALL ME TIFF. BUT SINCE I'VE BEEN MARRIED I DON'T HAVE FRIENDS. HOW DO YOU DO IT? THAT MAGIC?
TIFFANY, I KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR PROBLEMS, BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOU...
I HAVE TO FIND THIS GODFATHER OF GUILT CHARACTER BEFORE MY HEAD SPROUTS LEGS AND SANTA FE GOES UNDER...
ARE YOU LISTENING?
SURE. BUT WHY'S IT GETTING SO DARK?

I KILL ONE LITTLE INSECT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS!
EVERYTHING'S LINKED IN SANTA FE. IT'S THE CITY OF COINCIDENCES.
PHLUERGG! THEY'RE GETTING IN MY MOUTH...
WHAT NOW, MISTER MAGICIAN?
WAIT HERE. SOON AS THE BUGS GO, GET AFTER THE GODFATHER. I DON'T THINK I CAN LAST A DAY. I CAN FEEL MY HORNS GROWING RIGHT NOW...
IF THEY WEREN'T SO HAIRY AND WIGGLY THEY COULD MAKE YOU LOOK QUITE CUTE. QUITE HORNY, REALLY.
MY HUSBAND WOULD KILL US BOTH IF HE HEARD ME TALKING LIKE THAT...
SOUNDS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL MARRIAGE, TIFFANY...
OH SURE. HE MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A QUEEN. MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.
THAT'S A JOKE. MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS WAS LOCKED UP AND EXECUTED AND LIVED A TERRIBLE LIFE...
OH... I SEE...
HE STARTED BEATING ME TWO WEEKS AFTER OUR HONEYMOON. BEAT ME AND HUMILIATED ME. I WAS ALWAYS DOING THINGS WRONG, EVEN WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW IT.

HE'S GOT THIS AMAZING KNACK OF MAKING ME FEEL GUILTY, YOU KNOW?
ONCE AFTER HE'D HIT ME REAL HARD I SAID "SORRY." I WAS SORRY I'D MADE HIM HAVE TO DO SUCH A THING.
AIN'T I JUST SO STUPID? I GOT SO IF IT WAS RAINING IN THE MORNING I'D FEEL GUILTY ABOUT IT.
LET'S DO SOMETHING TO REALLY FEEL GUILTY ABOUT, HUH?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I USED TO BE A PHOTOGRAPHIC MODEL. IT WAS GENERALLY ACCEPTED THAT I HAD THE FINEST BOSOM OF MY DAY.
LOOK, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
TIFFANY, PLEASE...
SHIT. YOU THINK I'M A WHORE. HE'S RIGHT. I'M SUCH A SLUT. BUT I'M SCARED STIFF OF BEING LEFT ALONE.
MY HUSBAND USED TO SAY HE'D RATHER LOOK AT MY TITS THAN THE SISTINE CHAPEL. THAT WAS BEFORE WE GOT MARRIED.
WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE HIM WHEN HE STARTED HITTING YOU?
YOU THINK IT'S SO EASY, DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE. IT'S NOT EASY. I HAD NO MONEY OF MY OWN.
BUT IT WASN'T EVEN THE MONEY...
I WAS SCARED. I GOT USED TO IT. I WAS SO BROKEN UP I COULDN'T MAKE ANY KIND OF DECISION. I HALF BLAMED MYSELF. I LOVED HIM. IT'S NOT EASY.

I'M SORRY. YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE ...
SHADE, YOU ARE UNDER RE-TRIAL ...
YOU ARE GUILTY OF WANTING, OF DESIRING THIS WOMAN, THE WIFE OF A HUSBAND...
YOU WANTED TO TAKE HOLD OF HER BREASTS. YOU WANTED TO SEE HER NAKED. WHILST THE ONE CALLED KATHY WHOM YOU PROFESS TO LOVE LIES ILL AND BROKEN MILES AWAY...
ILL AND BROKEN NOT THE LEAST BECAUSE OF YOU.
SEE! SEE HOW SHE FADES AWAY WHILST YOU WISH TO WALLOW IN THE PLUMP FLESH OF A NUBILE HOUSEWIFE?
KATHY!?!
ADMIT IT! ADMIT YOUR GUILT!
IT WAS... IT WAS ONLY FOR A SECOND... AN INSTINCT. I WOULDN'T HAVE DONE ANYTHING...
GUILT IS IN THE CONTEMPLATION... NOT THE CONSUMATION.
AND THE ECHOES OF YOUR GUILT SPREAD OUT AND INFECT THOSE FAR AWAY...

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HER?
NO!!!
SHE JUST STARTED WRITHING AROUND AND MOANING...
SHE'S DYING. YOU'RE KILLING HER. YOUR *GUILT* IS SUFFOCATING HER.
I THINK HER HEART'S STOPPED...
STOP IT! KILL ME IF YOU LIKE BUT LEAVE HER ALONE!
IT'S TOO LATE. GUILT HAS SPOKEN. HER HEART STOPS AND YOUR HEART'S BROKEN...
BASTARD!
NO USE TRYING TO HURT HIM. HE'S NOT REALLY HERE. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE HER...
STOP FEELING GUILTY!

EVERYONE OFF!
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU?
FZZZZ
IT'S ONE OF THESE. ONE OF THE CELLS, WHERE I KEEP MY *PRISONERS*.
I SAW IT LAST TIME I WAS HERE.
I *FELT* IT.
WONDERED WHEN YOU'D NEED ME.

YOU NEED MY SPLEEN, DON'T YOU? YOU NEED MY ABILITY TO TRANSCEND NAIVE CONCEPTS OF RIGHT AND WRONG...
JUST REMEMBER YOU'RE NOTHING WITHOUT ME. YOU'RE A REJECTED PIECE OF ME, THAT'S ALL.
HELPING KATHY IS FOR BOTH OF US...
UNTRUE, I'LL HELP YOU BUT THIS IS A FAVOR. I DON'T CARE ABOUT KATHY. SHE'S NOT MY TYPE.
THIS IS A FAVOR AND IT WILL HAVE TO BE RETURNED. DEAL.
DEAL?
DEAL.
I'M SORRY...
NO. NO, YOU'RE WRONG... SHE ISN'T...
IT JUST STOPPED BEATING.

HEY... HEY... COME BACK...
GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME.
GNGNGNN
SHE'S DEAD. SHE'S GONE. LOVE GONE. ALL GONE. ALL YOUR FAULT.
OH...
OH... WHO *CARES?*
I DON'T. I WANT PASSION. I WANT THE RAZOR'S EDGE. I ABHOR TOTALLY THE SENTIMENTAL, CLOYING AND OH-SO-BOURGEOIS AFFAIR THE *OTHER* SHADE HAD WITH THAT DRUNKEN LOSER...
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, LOOK A BIT OF A HANDFUL.
I THINK YOU'LL ADMIT THAT YOU RATHER ENJOY BEING BEATEN. WHY ELSE STAY WITH A MAN WHO BEATS YOU SO?
WHY ELSE?

HEY... HEY, SHE MOVED... I THINK I SAW HER MOVE...
IT'S JUST THE BODY SETTLING...
BULLSHIT! SHE'S ALIVE!
MOTHER OF GOD...
SHE'S BACK.
THE GODFATHER'S GONE. THE PICTURE OF YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S GONE. I THINK YOU'VE WON.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS ANYMORE...
OH, BUT I **LIKE** BEING LIKE THIS.
HAVE NO FEAR. I'M NOT A KILLER. I'M NOT A BRUTE. I'M NOT EVEN EVIL...
...BUT LET'S ***PRETEND*** A WHILE, HMM?

AHHHHH...
ER, IS THAT YOU? THE PREVIOUS YOU?
HE DIDN'T WANT TO LET GO. ALMOST KILLED ME GETTING BACK IN CONTROL.
I WON'T PRETEND FOR ONE MOMENT I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT BUT IT SEEMED TO WORK WITH THE *GODFATHER*...
BUT, BOY, YOU SURE DO HAVE A ***DARK SIDE*** TO YOU, DON'T YOU?
THE GODFATHER OF GUILT. WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE IS NOW?
OH, HE'LL BE SCOOTING AROUND PICKING ON EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY.
YOU SEEM TO KNOW AN AWFUL LOT ABOUT HIM, TIFF...
SO I SHOULD DO, HONEY...
THE SON OF A BITCH IS MY ***HUSBAND***...

I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM. I DREAMT I WAS WITH MY MOM AND DAD AGAIN...
SHADE WAS THERE TOO.
MAYBE IT WAS A NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE. YOU DID DIE, YOU KNOW, FOR A FEW SECONDS.
SHADE TURNED NASTY. HE STARTED TO THROW *DRIED INSECTS* AT US...
IS SHADE DEAD, LENNY? THE TRUTH?
NO. HE'S STILL ALIVE. THAT'S THE TRUTH. AND YOU CAN BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR HE'S THINKING OF YOU RIGHT NOW...
THIS IS IT. YOU'RE SURE? YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY SURE?
I LIVE HERE, DON'T I? OF COURSE I'M SURE. IF HE'S ANYWHERE, HE'LL BE HERE...
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HE WAS YOUR HUSBAND.
I JUST FIGURED YOU PRESUMED. AFTER ALL, I KEPT SAYING HOW *GUILTY* MY HUSBAND MADE ME FEEL...

NO. I DON'T WANT TO GO ANY CLOSER. THIS IS GIVING ME THE CREEPS.
HE'S YOUR HUSBAND, TIFFANY. HE'S GOT A MADNESS. HE'S INFLICTING ALL THAT BARBARIC VIOLENCE HE INFLICTED ON YOU ON EVERYONE ELSE, ONLY MAGNIFIED.
OHH, LOOK! A TULIP! I WAS JUST HUMMING "TULIPS FROM AMSTERDAM" AND MY FIRST BOYFRIEND USED TO GIVE ME TULIPS ON OUR DATES.
YOU'RE CHANGING THE SUBJECT, TIFF. AND WHAT IS IT WITH ALL THESE COINCIDENCES ANYWAY?
IT'S MY ONE INTEREST IN LIFE. I KEEP A LOG OF ALL THE COINCIDENCES I COME ACROSS. I'VE GOT TWO BOOKS' WORTH ALREADY.
OF COURSE, IT'S THE THING THAT DRIVES HIM MOST MAD. THE BRUISES I'VE GOT FROM MENTIONING THE WORD COINCIDENCE...
NO! I SAID I DON'T WANT TO GO ANY CLOSER!
I'VE GOT SPIDERS' LEGS GROWING OUT OF MY SCALP AND I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH OF SANTA FE IS STILL SANE. I HAVE TO STOP YOUR HUSBAND AND I THINK I MIGHT NEED YOUR HELP.

I WANTED YOU TO LOOK AT YOUR WIFE, MISTER GODFATHER OF GUILT. I WANTED YOU TO SEE HOW SCARED SHE IS OF COMING EVEN THIS CLOSE TO YOU.
WHAT KIND OF SICK PLEASURE DOES THAT GIVE YOU, HUH?
HE'S NOT RESPONDING. LOOK, I NEED TO KNOW AT WHAT POINT HE GOT THE MADNESS. WHAT WAS HAPPENING. IT'S IMPORTANT. DO YOU REMEMBER?
NO. I DON'T REMEMBER NOTHING.
IT'S ALL A BIG BLANK.
WHAT'S UP, SHADE? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
TIFFANY... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR HANDS?
YOU'RE BLEEDING... IT'S ALL OVER YOU...
OH GOD... I'M LOSING PINTS. I'M A RARE BLOOD GROUP, SHADE. I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE...
THAT KNIFE. AN OLD ARMY KNIFE. I HEARD HIM SAY IT WOULD COME IN USEFUL WHEN I OVERHEARD YOU FROM MY HOTEL ROOM IN CHICAGO...
FROM WHERE?
IT DOESN'T MATTER.
"HONEY... PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T..."
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID, THEN THERE WAS A SCREAM...
A SCREAM?

I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME. I'M GOING TO TRY TO ENTER YOU AND PROJECT WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOUR HUSBAND WENT MAD...
WHY? WHAT'S WRONG? WHY HAS YOUR VOICE GONE SO FUNNY?
I THINK YOU MIGHT ALREADY BE DEAD, TIFFANY.
NO! THAT'S CRAZY! HOW CAN I BE DEAD? I CAN FEEL, THINK, SEE...
I HAVE TO MAKE SURE, TIFFANY. JUST RELAX. CLEAR YOUR MIND. REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED...
SEE WHAT HAPPENED...
JESUS... THAT'S ME...
THAT'S RIGHT. JUST RELAX. JUST LET IT ALL FLOW OUT...
YOU THINK I'M MADE OUT OF MONEY, HUH? BITCH?
PLEASE... I DIDN'T MEAN...
YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE. YOU RUIN EVERYTHING. YOU'RE LIKE A POISON, INFECTING EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH, YOU SLUT...
I ALWAYS KNEW THIS OLD ARMY KNIFE WOULD COME IN USEFUL...

HONEY... PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T...
AAIGHHHH!
OH GOD. WHAT DOES IT MEAN. HE *STABBED* ME...
YOU'RE... NOT REAL. A PRODUCT OF YOUR HUSBAND'S MADNESS. YOU'RE THE ONE THING EVEN *HE'S* GUILTY OF, YOUR *MURDER*.
MAYBE ALL THE OTHER GUILT STUFF'S A SMOKESCREEN. STOP HIM HAVING TO LOOK AT HIS OWN GUILT...
SHADE, STOP, DON'T DO THIS. I'M REAL. I'M NOT A PRODUCT...
HONEY, PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T...
SAY THAT AGAIN. WHAT YOU JUST SAID. SAY IT AGAIN.
WHAT? ABOUT BEING REAL?
NO. "HONEY, PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T"...
I HEARD YOU SAY THAT IN THE HOTEL ROOM. BUT THEN I RAN OUT OF THE ROOM. YOU WERE SAYING SOMETHING *ELSE* THAT I *MISSED*.

WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID, AFTER "PLEASE DON'T",,,?
WE'RE GOING THROUGH IT AGAIN. THIS TIME YOU HAVE TO STOP FIGHTING IT. YOU HAVE TO LET THE TRUTH COME OUT...
HONEY, PLEASE...PLEASE DON'T...
NO! WHAT DID YOU SAY AFTER THAT? YOU SAID SOMETHING AFTER THAT...
I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT THIS ANYMORE...
SAY IT!
HONEY, PLEASE...PLEASE DON'T...
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS!
I ALWAYS KNEW THIS OLD ARMY KNIFE WOULD COME IN USEFUL...
HONEY, PLEASE, PLEASE... DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS...

AAIGHHHH!
NO!!!!
OH GOD NO!
THE INSECT LEGS HAVE GONE. IT'S OVER...
AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT DEAD, TIFF. YOU KILLED HIM. HE DIDN'T HAVE THE MADNESS. YOU DID...
I GUESS THAT MAKES YOU THE GODMOTHER OF GUILT...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS SUNBATHING AND HAVING THIS WEIRD KINDA DREAM...
DREAMT I SAW THIS SKELETON GUY IN A TOP HAT. THEN I WOKE UP AND WALLACE STARTED HITTING ME AGAIN.
AND I JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.

OH GOD. THIS MEANS IT WAS ME... ME WHO DID ALL THOSE AWFUL THINGS TO THOSE PEOPLE.
YOU CAUGHT A KIND OF MADNESS...
BUT THERE HAD TO BE SOMETHING IN ME IN THE FIRST PLACE TO MAKE ME DO IT, YES?
WALLACE ALWAYS TRIED TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY. IF I HADN'T LET HIM I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE MAD. I WOULDN'T HAVE TORTURED SANTA FE...
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
HOW DO YOU DEAL WITH THE GUILT, SHADE? HOW AM I GOING TO SLEEP NIGHTS?
I DON'T KNOW, TIFFANY.
THE END.

SHADE the Changing man

SHADE,
THE CHANGING MAN
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SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS

B
BAH
BAH
BAH
JAMIE HEWLETT

...this
is not
a dream

by
milligan,
bachalo &
pennington

THE WHITE SHEEP ON THE GREEN HILL

PETER MILLIGAN · WRITER — CHRIS BACHALO · PENCILLER
MARK PENNINGTON · INKER — DANIEL VOZZO · COLORIST
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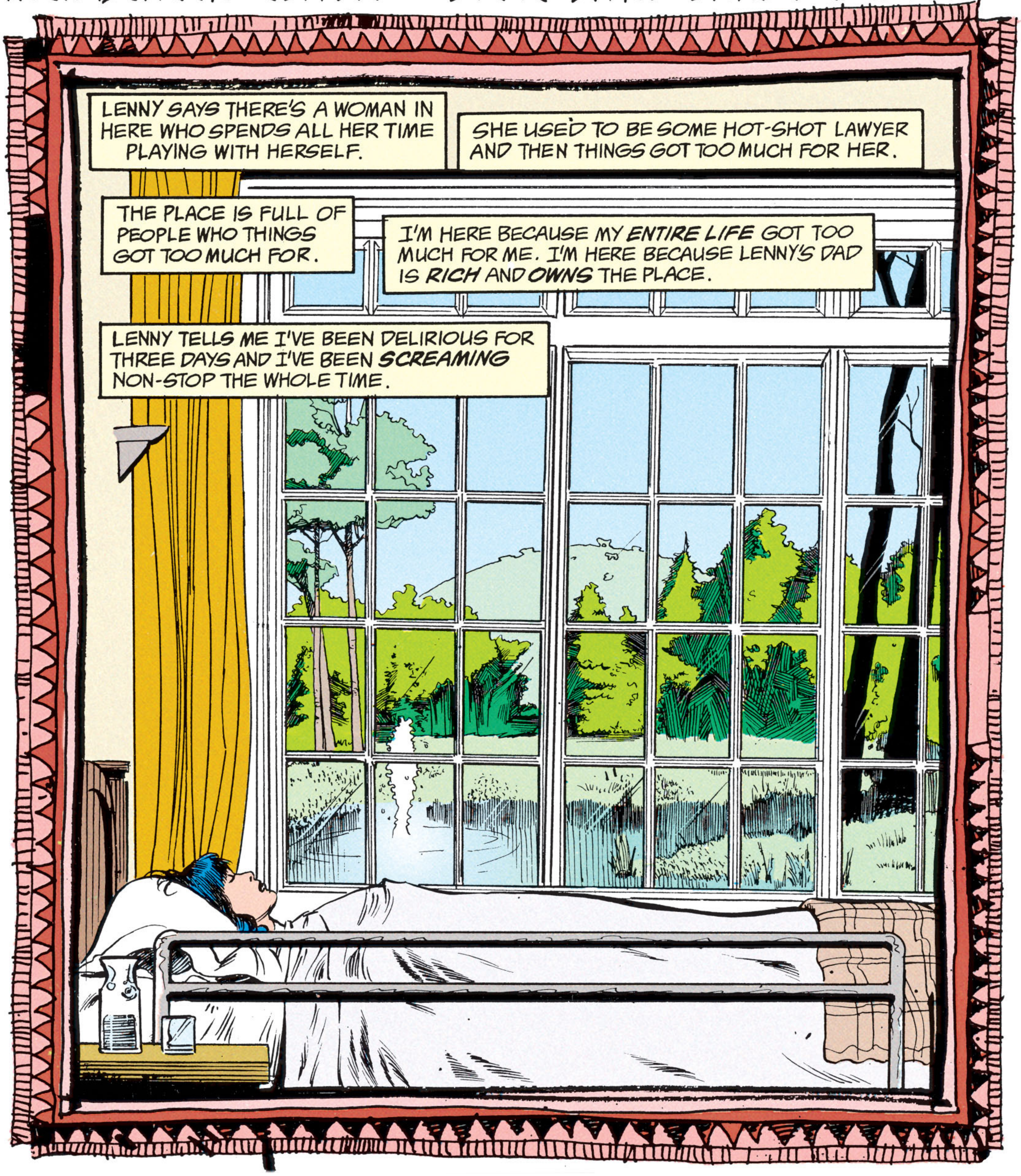
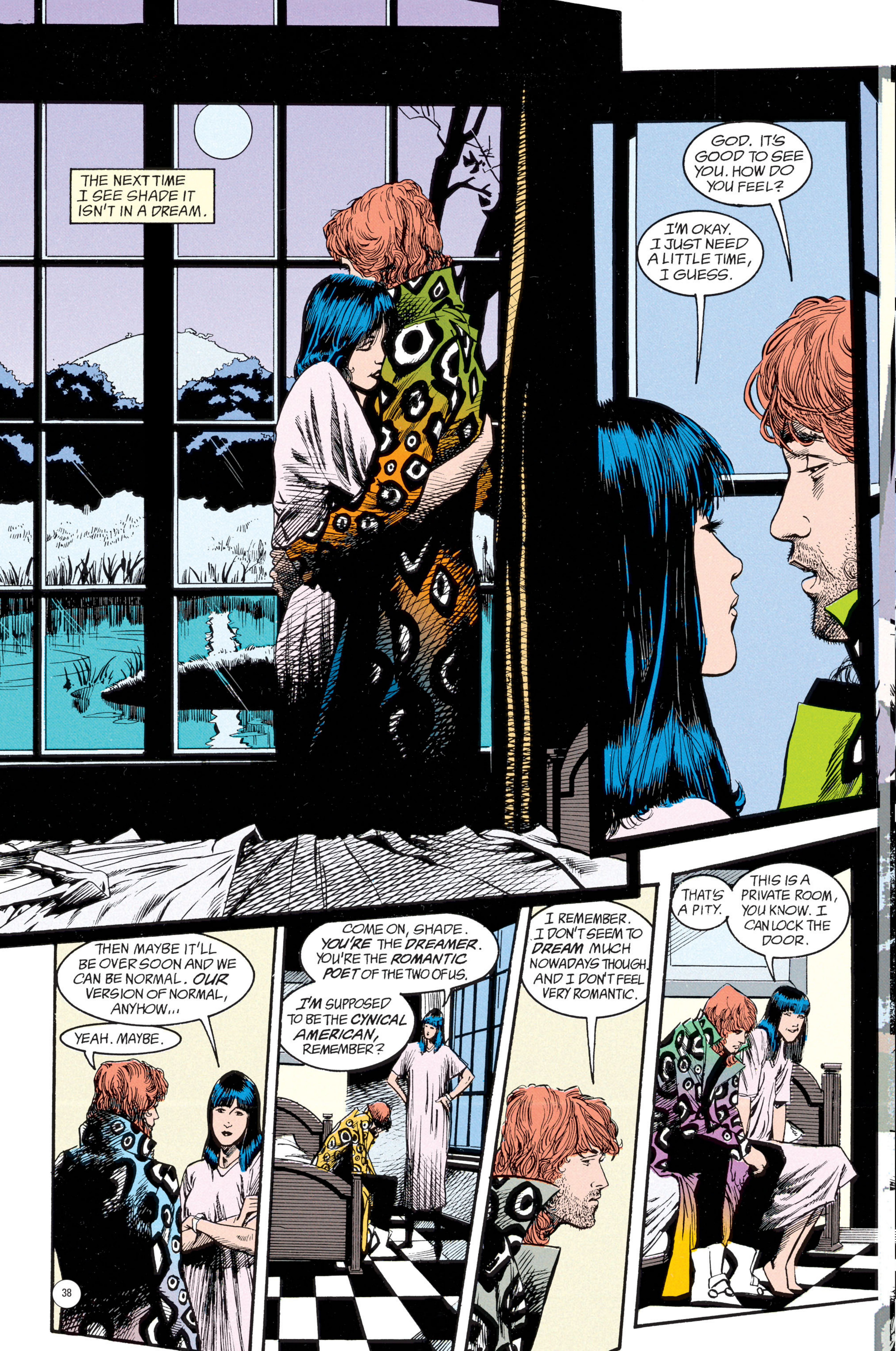
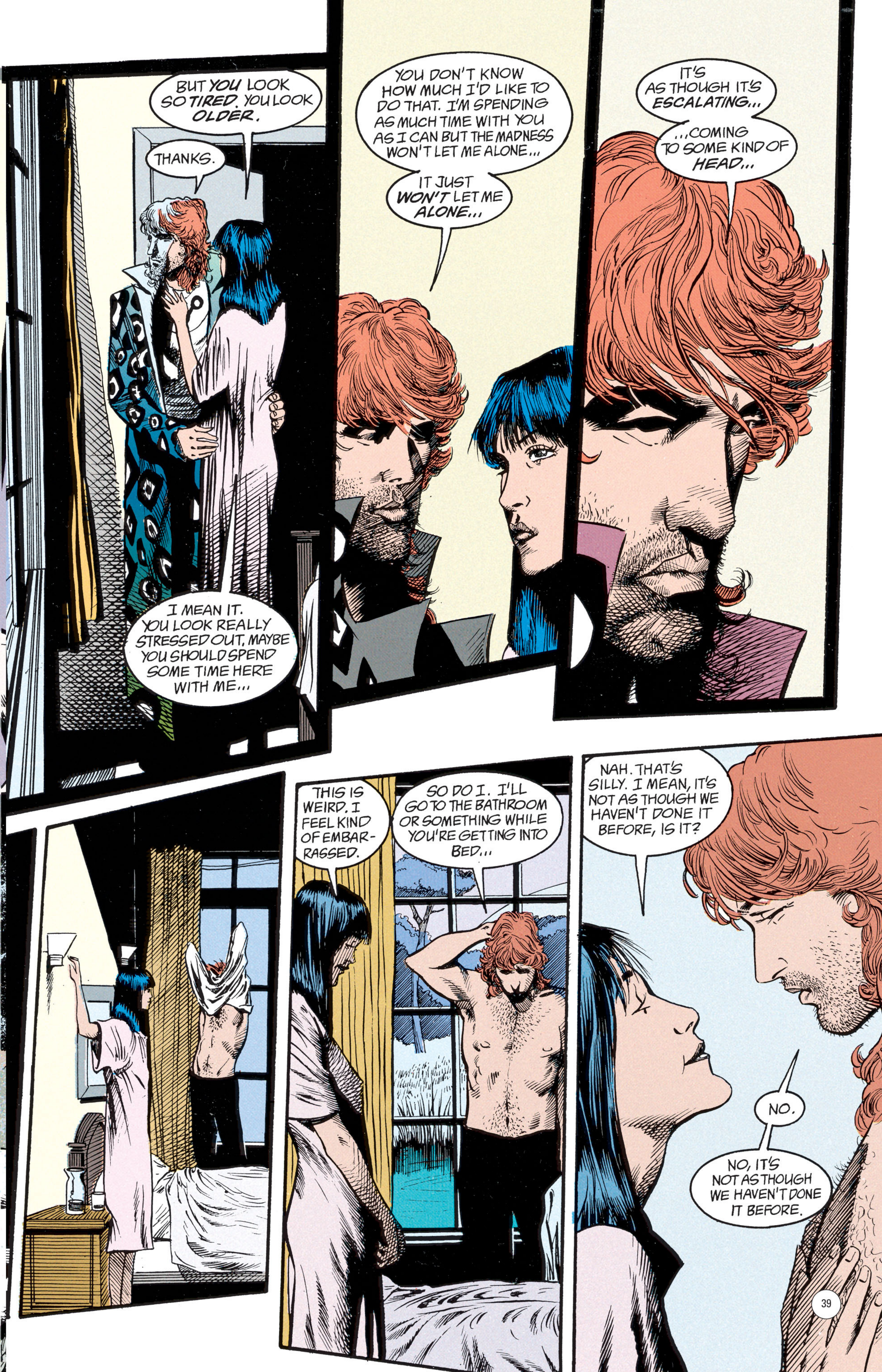

LENNY *SAYS* THERE'S A WOMAN IN HERE WHO SPENDS ALL HER TIME PLAYING WITH HERSELF.
SHE USED TO BE SOME HOT-SHOT LAWYER AND THEN THINGS GOT TOO MUCH FOR HER.
THE PLACE IS FULL OF PEOPLE WHO THINGS GOT TOO MUCH FOR.
I'M HERE BECAUSE MY ***ENTIRE LIFE*** GOT TOO MUCH FOR ME. I'M HERE BECAUSE LENNY'S DAD IS ***RICH*** AND ***OWNS*** THE PLACE.
LENNY TELLS *ME* I'VE BEEN DELIRIOUS FOR *THREE DAYS* AND I'VE BEEN ***SCREAMING*** NON-STOP THE WHOLE TIME.

IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN SCREAMING FOREVER. ON THE INSIDE...
SO MAYBE IT'S GOOD THE SCREAMING'S OUT IN THE OPEN NOW.
YOU'VE REALLY BEEN THROUGH THE MILL, YOU KNOW? THEY BEEN PUMPING BAD SHIT OUT OF YOU AND GOOD SHIT INTO YOU.
HAS *SHADE* BEEN..?
SURE, BUT YOU WERE TOO FAR GONE TO KNOW IT...
HE STAYED BY YOUR BED FOR ABOUT SIX HOURS, JUST WATCHING YOU. THEN HE HAD TO GO AGAIN. THAT *MADNESS THING* TOOK HIM.
LENNY, I'VE BEEN HAVING REAL BAD DREAMS. ABOUT SHADE AND...
AW. IT DOESN'T MATTER. JUST DREAMS...
HANG IN THERE, KATHY. FIGHT IT.
MY DAD SAYS IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOU WANT TO LIVE OR NOT...
DRIFTING AWAY AGAIN, I THINK OF *SHADE* AND TRY TO WANT TO LIVE...
I FOCUS MY MIND ON THAT *ONE TIME* WE MADE LOVE...
I REMEMBER HOW *WILD* HE WAS, HOW *SURPRISING* HE WAS...
...TRY TO RECREATE THE IMAGE OF HIS FACE AND BRING BACK THAT FEELING...
THIS IS THE WAY MY DREAMS HAVE GONE, HORROR PEEP-SHOWS OF *SHADE* TURNING INTO *TROY GRENZER* AS HE COMES...
ONCE AGAIN I THRASH ABOUT IN MY SLIPPERY BED TO SHAKE THE VISION OFF...
AND MY DREAM BECOMES *ANOTHER* DREAM, OF *SHADE*...
...OF SHADE, WAY DOWN IN *LOUISIANA*, WHERE THE ALLIGATORS GROW SO MEAN...

A DREAM OF SHADE AND A MAN CALLED ORWELL GRIMES...
...WHO THINKS HE'S ELVIS PRESLEY.
ELV 1 TENNE
ORWELL HAS A HAIR LIP THAT HE IMAGINES LOOKS KINDA LIKE THE KING'S LEGENDARY BAD-BOY SNEER...
ORWELL OR ELVIS GROWS UNTIL HE'S LIKE A MAMMOTH SUMO WRESTLER IN A DIAPER, TURNING EVERYTHING HE SEES INTO GIANT CHEESEBURGERS...
AND THEN I WAKE WITH A HEAD FULL OF HOUND DOGS AND A GUT FULL OF HEARTBREAK HOTEL.
I WAKE CRYING FOR MY MOTHER BUT MY MOTHER ISN'T THERE ANYMORE.
SOON THEY LET ME WALK ABOUT. I'VE MADE A FRIEND CALLED CHESTER WHO LOOKS LIKE A POTATO THAT'S BEEN COOKED TOO LONG.
WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO DO, HUH?
I DON'T KNOW, CHESTER.
I'M SEVENTY. I'VE BEEN IN HERE TEN TIMES.
THEY SAY IF I DON'T STOP DRINKING I'LL KILL MYSELF.
SO EACH TIME I STOP DRINKING. I GO HOME. DRINK JUICE. WALK AROUND THE HOUSE. WALK THE BEACH. PLAY A LITTLE GOLF.
THIS LASTS MAYBE THREE DAYS, THEN I STOP AND THINK, WHAT IS THIS SHIT?
I KNOW THEY TELL YOU TAKE ONE DAY AT A TIME. I'VE BEEN GOING TO ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS FOR YEARS.
BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO ONCE YOU STOP DRINKING...
CARRY ON STOPPING DRINKING, I GUESS.
YEAH. YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT. "WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY, CHESTER?"
"I DIDN'T DRINK, THAT'S WHAT I DID TODAY."
AND FOR THE REST OF THE DAYS OF MY LIFE I DON'T DO NOTHING BUT NOT DRINK?
I MEAN, IS THAT ALL THERE IS?


THE NEXT TIME I SEE SHADE IT ISN'T IN A DREAM.
GOD. IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU. HOW DO YOU FEEL?
I'M OKAY. I JUST NEED A LITTLE TIME, I GUESS.
THEN MAYBE IT'LL BE OVER SOON AND WE CAN BE NORMAL. *OUR* VERSION OF NORMAL, ANYHOW...
YEAH. MAYBE.
COME ON, SHADE. *YOU'RE* THE *DREAMER*. YOU'RE THE *ROMANTIC POET* OF THE TWO OF US.
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE *CYNICAL AMERICAN*, REMEMBER?
I REMEMBER. I DON'T SEEM TO *DREAM* MUCH NOWADAYS THOUGH, AND I DON'T FEEL VERY ROMANTIC.
THAT'S A PITY.
THIS IS A PRIVATE ROOM, YOU KNOW. I CAN LOCK THE DOOR.


BUT *YOU* LOOK SO *TIRED*. YOU LOOK *OLDER*.
THANKS.
I MEAN IT. YOU LOOK REALLY STRESSED OUT, MAYBE YOU SHOULD SPEND SOME TIME HERE WITH ME...
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I'D LIKE TO DO THAT. I'M SPENDING AS MUCH TIME WITH YOU AS I CAN BUT THE MADNESS WON'T LET ME ALONE...
IT JUST *WON'T* LET ME *ALONE*...
IT'S AS THOUGH IT'S *ESCALATING*...
...COMING TO SOME KIND OF *HEAD*...
THIS IS WEIRD. I FEEL KIND OF EMBARRASSED.
SO DO I. I'LL GO TO THE BATHROOM OR SOMETHING WHILE YOU'RE GETTING INTO BED...
NAH. THAT'S SILLY. I MEAN, IT'S NOT AS THOUGH WE HAVEN'T DONE IT BEFORE, IS IT?
NO.
NO, IT'S NOT AS THOUGH WE HAVEN'T DONE IT BEFORE.

scr

YOU'RE QUIET.
I WAS JUST THINKING.
THINKING WHAT?
THAT WAS DIFFERENT. DIFFERENT FROM THE FIRST TIME.
MAYBE... MAYBE BECAUSE I'M TIRED.
DON'T GET DEFENSIVE. IT WASN'T A CRITICISM. IT WAS *NICER*. IT WAS LIKE WE WERE REALLY MAKING LOVE, YOU KNOW?
THE FIRST TIME IT WAS LIKE WE WERE JUST SCREWING, LIKE ***ANIMALS***...
THAT CAN BE GOOD TOO, OF COURSE. BUT IT'S NICE TO KNOW IT CAN BE LIKE THIS TOO...
TELL ME ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU.
I HAD TO DEAL WITH THIS THING IN ***SANTA FE***. THE ***GODFATHER OF GUILT***.
AFTER THAT I WAS PULLED DOWN SOUTH. THERE WAS THIS GUY WITH AN OBSESSION ABOUT ***ELVIS PRESLEY***.
ELVIS PRESLEY?
THE SINGER. THE GUY HAD THIS SHRINE FULL OF ***ELVIS ICONS***. HE PRAYED TO IT, HIS PRAYERS ALL VERSIONS OF PRESLEY SONGS...
HE BALLOONED INTO THIS WHALE OF A WEIRDO.
HOW DID YOU GET RID OF HIM?
I TURNED MYSELF INTO ELVIS PRESLEY.
THE YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, LEAN ELVIS.
I DON'T TELL SHADE I DREAMT IT. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT.
THE BLOATED VERSION OF ELVIS THAT ***GRIMES*** HAD TURNED INTO JUST SHRIVELLED UP CRYING WHEN FACED WITH IT.
WE FALL ASLEEP HOLDING EACH OTHER TIGHT...
WHEN I WAKE HE'S GONE.
I CAN STILL SMELL HIM ON THE BED.
I FEEL LIKE A MOUNTAIN, TIME PASSES SO SLOW. I WRITE LETTERS TO PEOPLE CLOSE TO ME, DEAD AND LIVING...
IT'S LIKE AFTER A WAR, THE MOMENT OF STILLNESS AFTER THE BOMBS HAVE EXPLODED...

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BUT I KNOW THE WAR ISN'T OVER...
THEY'RE STUPID, SHEEP. STUPIDEST DAMN ANIMALS ON GOD'S EARTH.
THEY LOOK PRETTY FROM HERE, THOUGH.
THEY'RE IDIOTS.
THEY WANDER AROUND ALL DAY UP THERE. KNOW WHAT THEIR LIVES CONSIST OF?
EATING, FARTING AND SLEEPING.
EATING, FARTING AND SLEEPING. JUST LIKE US POOR BASTARDS DOWN HERE.
YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, YOU HORRIBLE OLD MAN.
OH YEAH, SORRY. I FORGOT YOU'RE A *LADY*.
YOU *DON'T SLEEP*, DO YOU?
OF COURSE I SLEEP.
I HEAR YOU NIGHTS. YOU SCREAM, YOU MOAN, YOU DREAM. YOU MIGHT BE OUT COLD BUT YOU AIN'T SLEEPING.

LET IT GO, KATHY. JUST LET IT GO.
LET WHAT GO?
JUST LET IT GO. DROP IT ALL. NONE OF IT'S THAT IMPORTANT. ALL THE STUFF THAT'S TEARING YOU APART.
THE ONLY IMPORTANT DRINK IS THE NEXT DRINK.
YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL WITH ALL YOUR LIFE AHEAD OF YOU. DON'T SCREW IT UP LIKE I DID. DON'T SPEND IT IN PLACES LIKE THESE WITH OLD FARTS LIKE ME...
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
I WANTED TO.
TELL ME, CHESTER, HOW DO *YOU* SLEEP NIGHTS?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I COUNT SHEEP.
AT NIGHT I TRY NOT TO SEE TOO MANY FACES. IF I START SEEING MY PARENTS I KNOW I WON'T SLEEP.
I SEE *SHADE'S* FACE BUT THAT CHANGES...
...INTO *GRENZER'S*...
AND THE WORST PART IS I START FEELING *EXCITED*.
HE SMELLS LIKE A WILD ANIMAL WITH STEAMING FUR, THICK WITH THE STENCH OF HARD, HOT ANIMAL SEX.
AND I WANT IT. I WANT IT UNTIL I CAN FINALLY MANAGE TO FEEL *DISGUSTED*...
SO PROBABLY SCREAMING I SINK DEEPER INTO A DARK TUNNEL WHERE GRENZER MIGHT NOT FIND ME...
AND FALL TOWARDS A POINT OF LIGHT...
AND THE BEGINNING OF A NEW DREAM...
AMERICAN HYPERSTORES
THE COUNTRY'S BIGGEST RETAILER OF ELECTRICAL GOODS
THE LITTLE FELLA'S SQUASHED BY THE BIG CORPORATIONS.
THE SPIRIT THAT MADE THIS COUNTRY GREAT, THE *PIONEER* SPIRIT, THE SPIRIT OF THE *INDIVIDUAL*, IT'S ALL BUT *LOST*...
KIDD'S
RADIO TELEVISION

HIS NAME IS JAMES KIDD. HE'S BEEN SELLING ELECTRICAL GOODS TO THE PEOPLE OF KIDD'S CREEK, ARIZONA, FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS...
IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE STOOD UP TO THOSE BIG BOYS...
SORRY, JAMES. I STILL DON'T WANT YOUR RADIO. I CAN GET A BETTER DEAL NEXT DOOR...
JEEZ, TOM, HOW CAN I COMPETE WITH A MONSTER LIKE AMERICAN HYPERSTORES?
HEY, YOU LITTLE ASSHOLES!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF THAT STUFF...
HELL. ONLY ONES INTERESTED IN MY GOODS ARE THE SHOPLIFTERS.
YOU CAN'T WIN, JAMES. I HEARD HYPERSTORES OFFERED TO BUY YOU OUT. MAYBE YOU SHOULD ACCEPT...
NO WAY. MY GREAT GRANDPA BUILT THIS TOWN. INJUNS AND OUTLAWS AND BIG RANCHERS COULDN'T STOP HIM.
WELL, I GOT HIS BLOOD RUNNING THROUGH ME!
REKKEN YOU WON'T HAVE NO BLOOD AT ALL IF'N YOU DON'T GIT OUTA TOWN PRONTO...
SLAMM

WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
CAT
LET'S JUS' SAY I WORK FOR THE HIGHEST BIDDER. AND THAT SURE AS HELL AIN'T *YOU*, OL' TIMER...
YER GONNA LEAVE TOWN IN FIVE HOURS...
DEAD OR ALIVE.
IT'S LIKE A SMELL I CAN'T WASH OFF.
IT HURTS ME. MY STOMACH TURNS INSIDE OUT...
EVEN WHEN I WAS MAKING LOVE WITH KATHY I WAS THINKING ABOUT *HIM*.
HOW HE HAD TOUCHED THE SAME SKIN, KISSED AND PAWED AND SWEATED OVER THE SAME BODY, HOW SHE HAD...
OH GOD. I'M LOSING MY *MIND*.
WHY DOESN'T IT *START*?

ALL DAY I'VE BEEN IN THIS TOWN, WAITING, WAITING FOR MADNESS.
KATHY WAS BEING POLITE. SHE WAS *DISAPPOINTED*. SHE SAID IT WAS *DIFFERENT*.
KI S
RADIOS N
WHAT SHE MEANT WAS IT WAS *DISAPPOINTING*. IT WAS *NICE*. I DON'T WANT TO BE *NICE*.
WHAT DID *HE* DO THAT *I* DIDN'T? WHAT DID *HE* DO THAT WAS SO *WILD*?
KIDD
RADIOS & TE
STRINGER. HOW DID HE KNOW I WAS HERE?
I LOOK FOR HIM, SEE NO SIGN, HEAR *SHOTS* ACROSS THE WAY...
PRAY TO WHATEVER GOD MIGHT BE LISTENING THAT THIS IS THE BEGINNING.
KIDD'S
RADIOS & TELEVISION
FOR EVERY BEGINNING TAKES ME CLOSER TO THE END...

YOU!
HOWDY, PARDNER...
GO FER YER GUNS...
UNNNNGGGG...
LOOKS LIKE IT'S THE END OF THE RODEO, COWBOY...
EVERYTHING...
GIVE IT *EVERYTHING...*

THROW IT ALL, THROW ALL THAT'S INSIDE YOU...
THERE'S SO MUCH INSIDE YOU...
THE BULLET HIT ME. I THINK OF KATHY, SO FAR AWAY...
CURTAINS ARE DRAWING ACROSS MY MIND. BLACK CURTAINS...
RISE 'N SHINE, STRANGER. THE BULLET GRAZED YER BUT YER FINE NOW AND THERE'S ONLY FIVE HOURS 'TIL NOON.
WHUT'S YER NAME, ANYHOW?
MY NAME? I... I DON'T...
I DON'T REMEMBER MY NAME...
THE MAN WITH NO NAME, HUH? YOU HIRED GUNS SURE DO LIKE TO BE INSCRUTABLE, DON'T YER.

ZZZZZZZ
A BIG RANCHER'S TRYING TO SQUEEZE US SMALL FOLK OUT. THEY HIRED A *GUNSLINGER* TO RUN US OUTA TOWN...THAT *MEAN-LOOKING* FELLA YOU SAW IN MY STORE.
WE CAN'T COMPETE WITH THOSE BIG BOYS. THEY GOT FIVE THOUSAND HEAD OF JAPANESE TELEVISIONS.
WUZ A TIME WE THOUGHT OL' *SHERIFF REAGAN* WOULD BE ON OUR SIDE BUT *HE* WUZ WITH THE BIG BOYS TOO.
BUT NOW WE GOT *YOU* ON OUR SIDE, STRANGER.
WHAT'S HAPPENING OVER THERE?
JUS' SOME OL' *MEDICINE MAN* SELLING HIS STUFF.
...A CURE FOR ALL KNOWN MADNESS AND AFFLICTIONS OF MIND AND MORAL FIBER FATIGUE...
ANSWERS ALL RIDDLES A *JFK SPHINX* MIGHT ASK. CLEARS *GARBAGE*, HUMAN OR OTHERWISE. EASES THE ACHES OF *NORMALCY SNATCHERS* AND BURNT-OUT *ACID-HEADS*...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU...
DOCTOR META'S AMAZING MADNESS VEST!
YOU, SIR. STEP INTO MY WAGON FOR A FITTING...

ONE GODDAMN MINUTE. WE DON'T LIKE TROUBLEMAKERS IN OUR TOWN, STRANGER...
WE'RE GONNA STRING YOU UP.
I FEEL SO DETACHED AND UNREAL...
BUT INSTINCTIVELY I GO FOR MY GUNS...
...AND PRODUCE TWO HAIR DRYERS...
MADE IN TAIWAN AND BLOWING HOT AIR AT MY ATTACKERS...
THE TELEPHONE CORD SNAKES AROUND MY NECK AND TIGHTENS...
...AND I REMEMBER THAT MY NAME IS SHADE...
AND AS SLEEK BLACK CD PLAYERS GLINT IN THE CRUEL WESTERN SUN...
I FEEL SHADE'S HEAD BEING WRENCHED FROM ITS SOCKET...
AMERICAN HYPERSTORE

HHKKK! HHHKKK! HKKK!
OH GOD. I DREAMT SOMETHING AWFUL, NOW IT'S GONE. MY THROAT IS ON FIRE.
MY SHEETS SMELL AS THOUGH A WILD ANIMAL HAS BEEN IN THEM. A THICK LAYER OF MUSK.
I CAN FEEL BADNESS CLOSING IN ON ME LIKE A FOG, ALL AROUND. WHAT'S WRONG?
I KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG. I JUST KNOW IT.
I DRAW THE CURTAINS BUT IT'S NOT QUITE MORNING. THAT NASTY TIME WHEN THE WORLD'S GREY AND I THINK OF DEATH AND GRAVES AND OLD PEOPLE.
IT COMES TO ME SLOWLY, THIS FEELING. THIS ABSOLUTE FEELING OF SURE KNOWLEDGE...
OH SHIT.
15 → 24

KATHY? YOU CAN'T GO IN...
CHESTER!
CHESTER?
OH CHESTER.
OH GOD
I CAN'T STOP MYSELF. I'M LOOKING DOWN AT MYSELF, CRYING, CONVULSING, BUT I CAN'T STOP...
I HOLD ONTO HIM LIKE I WAS HOLDING ONTO LIFE, BUT ALL I'M HOLDING ONTO IS THE END OF LIFE.
WE DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE SO CLOSE.
NOR DID I. I HARDLY KNEW HIM.
THEY TUCK ME UP IN BED LIKE A CHILD AND TURN THE LIGHT OUT...
THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENS, HOW DEATH COMES AND TAKES ONE MORE, SO EASY, AND NOW WE'RE BACK IN BED ALL WARM AND WAITING OUR TURN...
THEN I'M COLD AND THE LIGHT IS HURTING MY EYES. I'M WET.
I THINK I FELL BACK TO SLEEP. HOW COULD I FALL BACK TO SLEEP AFTER WHAT HAPPENED?
THIS ISN'T A DREAM.
I CAN SMELL A WILD ANIMAL. MORE WOLF THAN SHEEP...
THIS ISN'T A DREAM...
I'M ON THE GREEN HILL ONLY THE LIGHT IS SO THIN ALL THE GREEN HAS BEEN BLEACHED OUT.
THE COLORS ARE LIKE DEATH.

YOUR DREAMS ARE NOT UNTRUE. SHADE BLAMES YOU, THOUGH HE WOULDN'T ADMIT IT, EVEN TO HIMSELF.
BLAMES ME? FOR WHAT?
FOR WHAT YOUR DREAMS HAVE BEEN TELLING YOU. HE'S SUCH A COWARD. HE'S TALKING TO YOU IN DREAMS...
IN YOUR DREAMS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SHADE COMES?
HE TURNS... HE TURNS INTO...
THE WILD ANIMAL, THE SNORTING ONE, THE BLOODY ONE, THE WOLF IN SHADE'S CLOTHING...
AND IT'S TRUE. THAT FIRST TIME, THAT BEST TIME, THAT WILD TIME, THAT ABANDONED TIME, THAT TIME YOU WANT AGAIN...
THAT TIME WAS WITH TROY GRENZER, NOT RAK SHADE.
NO...
NO!
BUT YES.
YOU DID IT WITH TROY GRENZER, KATHY GEORGE...
NEXT:
HOW THE VEST WAS ONE.

DC

SHADE the ChaNginG man

SHADE,
THE CHANGING MAN
No. 16
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by
milligan,
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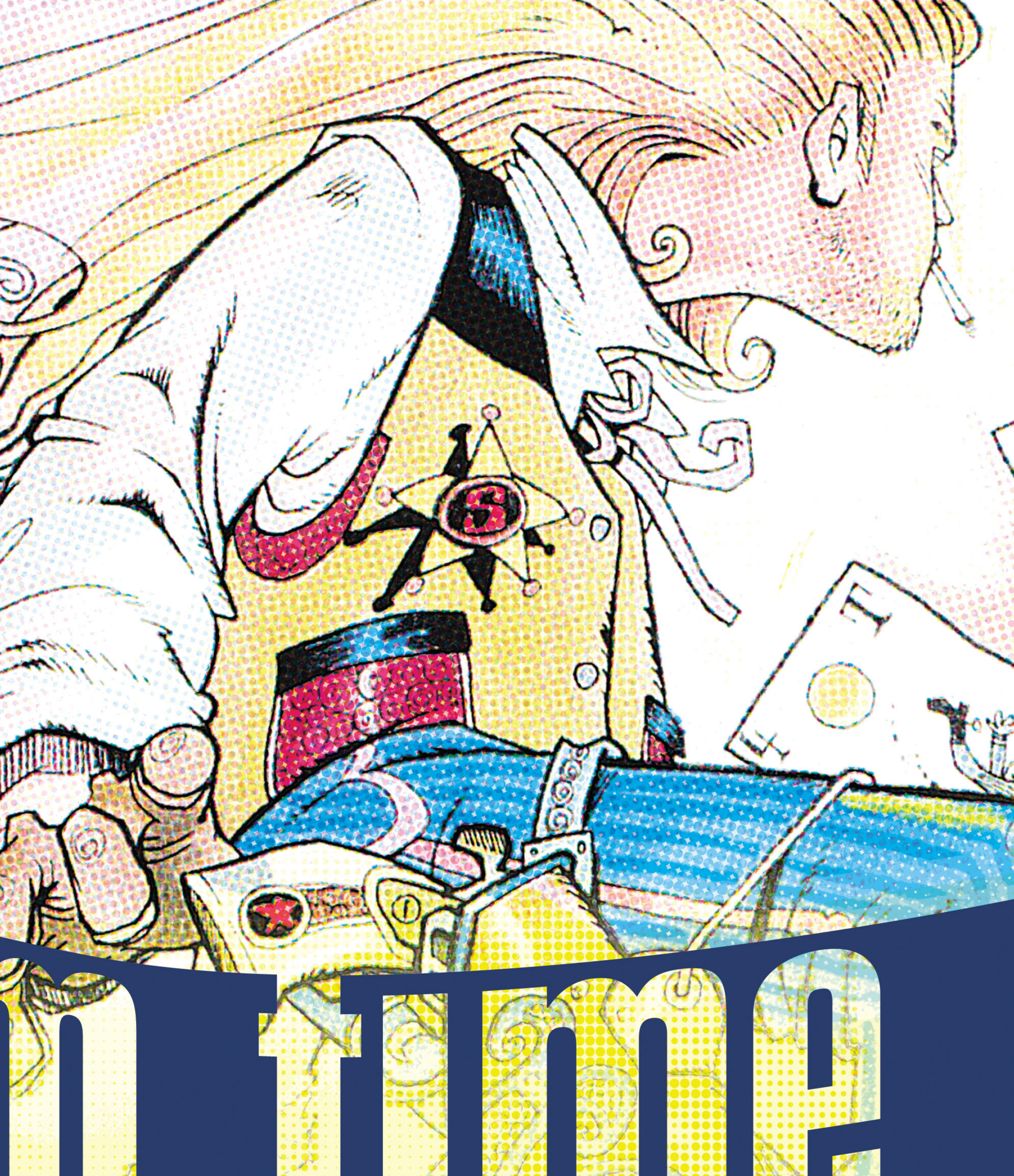
JAMIE HEWLETT 1900



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HOW THE VEST WAS ONE

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SHADE IS BASED ON THE CHARACTER CREATED BY STEVE DITKO

AS *WYATT EARP* WOULD HAVE SAID, I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING OF *DISASSOCIATION*.
MY MIND SEEMS TO RESIDE IN MORE THAN ONE CENTER. ONE'S HERE...
IN THE *WEIRD WEST*, A NOOSE OF TELEPHONE WIRE AROUND MY NECK.
HAULED THROUGH A LAUGHING-GALLERY OF COWBOY CLICHÉS AND ELECTRONIC GOODS...
ANOTHER'S WITH *KATHY*, BEFORE A WILD AND WOOLY PROPHET...
WITH KATHY, HURTING WITH WHAT I KNOW SHE NOW KNOWS.
JUST WHO DOES AMERICA THINK IT *IS*?
AMERICAN HYPER STORES
AMERICAN HYPER STORES

AMERICAN HYPER STORES
AMERICAN HYPER STORES
WHO OR WHAT *IS* AMERICA ANYWAY?
WATCH OUT, CHUCK...
HE'S GOT A HONSAM DIATRON FAX ADAPTOR...
MAYBE *BILLY THE KID* WAS RIGHT, THERE'S NO SUCH *THING* AS AMERICA.
IT'S AN ILLUSION OF HOMOGENEITY, A WILD WEST MYTH OF A NATION.
AMERICAN HYPER STORES
AS TANGIBLE AS DOC HOLLIDAY'S WHISKEY BREATH.
OR A DREAM OF TUMBLEWEEDS AND TOMBSTONES...
YOU'VE BEATEN THEM OFF! OH, HOW RIGHT I WAS TO HIRE YOU!
BUT THE RANCHERS' *MAN IN BLACK* IS GUNNING FOR YOU.
HE'LL BE HERE AT PRECISELY HIGH NOON.
IN THE MEANTIME COULD I INTEREST YOU IN THIS MINI MICROWAVE? PERFECT FOR THE MODERN SINGLE PERSON OR THOSE INTIMATE DINNERS FOR TWO...

GET AWAY FROM ME, I'M SICK OF THIS. I'M SICK OF ALL OF YOU.
I HAVE TO SEE THE *MEDICINE MAN.*
WHUP!
I THINK I'M GOING MAD. WOULD THAT BE SO ODD, CONSIDERING THE EXPOSURE I'M GETTING?
KATHY, TALKING TO SHEEP. OH GOD, KATHY, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
FIND THE MEDICINE MAN. YES, KEEP ACTING. TRY NOT TO THINK.
HE HAD A VEST. CALLED IT DOCTOR META'S AMAZING MADNESS VEST.
HE KNEW ABOUT THE *JFK SPHINX* AND THE *GARBAGE MAN* AND ALL THE REST...
MEDICINE MAN?
STEP INSIDE. WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME...
AND I'M NOT REALLY A MEDICINE MAN. MORE OF A *SPIRIT*...
THE *SPIRIT* OF YOUR *MADNESS VEST.*
8:23

KATHY?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE?
HEY, YOU OKAY?
IT'S LENNY. WHAT'S HAPPENED?
YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
YOU SAID YOU WERE MY FRIEND SO WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS... IT WAS TROY GRENZER I MADE... THAT I SCREWED THAT NIGHT...
TROY GRENZER AND NOT SHADE LIKE YOU ALL TRIED TO MAKE ME BELIEVE.
OH. OH, KATHY, I'M SORRY...
SORRY? WHY'S EVERYONE SORRY? I'M SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE WHO'RE SORRY FOR ME.
I'M NOT A CHILD. I DON'T NEED PROTECTING FROM THE TRUTH.
HIM, LENNY. CAN YOU IMAGINE? KNOWING, THINKING, NOT ABLE TO GET IT OUT OF YOUR HEAD?
THE TOUCHES. THE MOANS. THE STUPID SMALL TALK I GAVE HIM? HIM, THE MAN WHO CUT MY LIFE UP INTO LITTLE PIECES.
IT WAS SUCH A HOT AND LOVELY DAY IN LOUISIANA.
I WAS VISITING MY PARENTS WITH THIS BOY CALLED ROGER...
WE STOPPED AND MADE LOVE IN A FIELD.
WHEN WE GOT TO MOM AND DAD'S HOUSE I WENT IN FIRST. ROGER WAS GETTING SOME THINGS FROM THE CAR. I OPENED THE DOOR AND... AND...
KATHY...
I OPENED THE DOOR AND I SAW... TROY GRENZER. WITH A KNIFE. THERE WAS BLOOD EVERYWHERE.
AT FIRST ALL I SAW WAS THE BLOOD. AND HIS FACE.
MY FATHER WAS PINNED... WAS SOMEHOW PINNED TO THE WALL.
MY MOTHER...

NO, I DON'T WANT TO BE TOUCHED. AND THEN HE SLEEPS WITH ME. **GRENZER**. HIS FACE ON MINE. AND I... ENJOY IT.
I ***ENJOYED*** IT.
I'M AN ***ANIMAL***, SEE. I'M DIRTY, DIRTIER THE BETTER. THAT'S WHY I'M UP HERE WITH THE ANIMALS.
MAYBE I'M WAITING FOR A RAM TO COME ALONG...
JESUS, KATHY, CALM DOWN.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
I KNEW IT WOULD HIT YOU LIKE THIS. WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO KNOWING?
SHADE WANTED TO TELL YOU BUT I TOLD HIM HE SHOULDN'T...
BUT IT WAS SHADE WHO TOLD ME, THROUGH THE SHEEP, HIS SUBCONSCIOUS.
HE'S CUT UP ON THE SURFACE BUT INSIDE HE BLAMES ME. HE'S FROM A DIFFERENT PLANET, BUT ON THE INSIDE HE'S JUST ANOTHER MAN.
ON THE INSIDE HE BLAMES ME. HE HATES ME.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO GET DRUNK, WHERE D'YOU THINK?

BUT WHY CALL YOURSELF THE MEDICINE MAN?
IT WAS EASIER TO TO MANIFEST MYSELF WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF THE PRESENT MADNESS. THAT IS, THE COWBOY-RAMA WORLD.
I'M INSIDE YOU, SEE. YOU'RE THE **BIG OLD HOUSE** AND I'M THE **DISTURBED GHOST** RATTLING AROUND INSIDE IT...
I'M THE WRETCHED SPIRIT WHO CAN'T LEAVE THIS PLANE UNTIL THE **WRONG** THAT'S BEEN DONE HIM HAS BEEN **RIGHTED**.
I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE. THERE'S NO FUTURE IN BEING A SUICIDAL GHOST. YOU HAVE TO HELP ME...
YOU HAVE TO GO BACK TO META AND **KILL WISOR**. KILL THAT LOUSY OLD CHANGE-MASTER WISOR...
I'M NOT AN ASSASSIN. I DON'T THINK KILLING PEOPLE IS RIGHT. I ALSO DON'T THINK IT SOLVES PROBLEMS.
THIS WAS A MISTAKE. I'M GOING.
OH NO. IT TOOK ME AGES TO BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE LONG ENOUGH TO MEET YOU.
NOW I'VE GOT YOU I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GO UNTIL YOU HELP ME.

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT I'M GETTING ANGRY. EVEN IF I HAD NO OBJECTIONS TO HELPING YOU IN *PRINCIPLE,* WHY SHOULD I ***BELIEVE*** YOU?
THE MADNESS HAS PLAYED TRICKS ON ME BEFORE.
HOW CAN YOU BE THE SPIRIT OF THE *MADNESS VEST* IF THE VEST IS IN THE AREA OF MADNESS... WITH MY TRUE BODY?
AT THE RISK OF SOUNDING MYSTICAL...
JUST AS YOUR ***LIFEFORCE*** HAS LEFT BEHIND THE ***PHYSICAL HUSK*** OF YOUR ***BODY***...
...SO THE ***LIFEFORCE*** OF THE ***VEST*** HAS LEFT THE ***PHYSICAL HUSK*** OF THE ***VEST.***
THERE YOU ARE, A DRIED-OUT LUMP OF LIFELESS MATTER. AND THERE'S THE VEST, JUST AS DRIED OUT, JUST AS LIFELESS...
OH GOD. IT'S ME. MY TRUE BODY IN THE AREA OF MADNESS...
CAN I EVER... GET BACK THERE? CAN I EVER BE FREE OF THE VEST?
OF COURSE. IT'S EASY. ALL YOU DO IS ANSWER THREE SIMPLE RIDDLES.
REALLY? WHAT RIDDLES?
SORRY. THAT WAS WICKED OF ME. I'M LYING. FORGIVE ME.
YOU CAN NEVER GO BACK TO THE PIECE OF MATERIAL TRASH YOU CALL YOUR TRUE BODY.

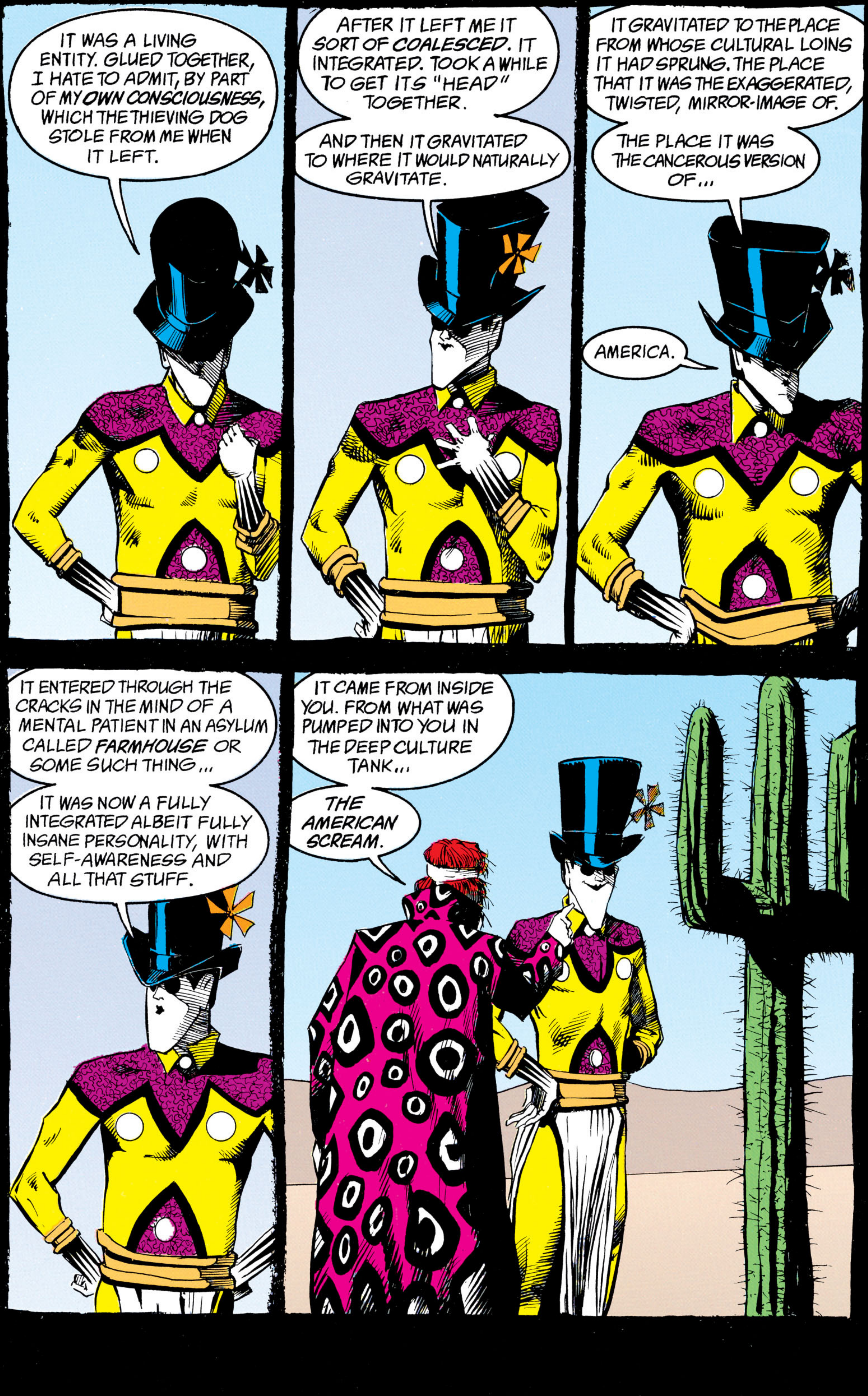
AND THE VEST'S LIFEFORCE IS **PART** OF YOU, IS **INEXTRICABLY BOUND** TO YOUR OWN SOUL.
FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE...
YOU CAN NO MORE TAKE THE **VEST** OFF THAN YOU CAN TAKE OFF PART OF YOUR OWN **SOUL**.
YOU TOO HAVE BEEN ROYALLY SHAT UPON BY WISOR, OH SHADE OF A THOUSAND CHANGES.
YOU TOO SHOULD JUMP AT THE CHANCE OF KILLING THE OLD BASTARD.
NO, I'M NOT A KILLER...
BUT HE TRICKED YOU. HE TOLD YOU YOU ONLY HAD TO STAY ON EARTH FOR A FEW MONTHS, THEN YOU COULD GO BACK TO **META** IN YOUR **TRUE BODY**...
HE **KNEW** YOUR TRUE BODY WOULD BE DESTROYED. HE AS GOOD AS **KILLED** IT!
SO HERE'S WHAT WE DO. WE FIND A **SHIMMERING DOORWAY** BACK TO META. I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE. YOU GET WISOR ALONE. FIRST YOU TEAR HIS TONGUE OUT AND THEN...
SHUT UP.
IF YOU'RE A SPIRIT HOW DID YOU GET INSIDE THE VEST?

I'M NOT JUST INSIDE THE VEST, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW. I *AM* THE VEST, IN A VERY REAL WAY.
FOLLOW. OPEN YOUR EYES. HARDEN YOUR HEART...
THAT'S ME, WHEN I WAS STILL A *PHYSICAL BEING*.
MY GOD... AND THAT'S *WISOR!*
FORGIVE ME, A TRANSIENT PLEASURE, NO MORE. AN ONANISTIC THRILL THAT LEAVES ME WRETCHED AT THE CLIMAX...
...BECAUSE I KNOW IT ISN'T *REAL*.
YES, THAT'S WISOR. AND THAT'S ME. I'M A *MIND AGENT*, JUST AS YOU WERE. I'M ABOUT TO STEP INTO THE *DEEP CULTURE TANK*, TO GET A *SUBLIMINAL HIT* OF *AMERICA*...
AND LISTEN TO WHAT HE'S TELLING ME...

...PERFECTLY SAFE. YOU'LL BE GIVEN JUST ENOUGH KNOWLEDGE OF AMERICA TO BE ABLE TO PASS THERE UNNOTICED AND DETECT MENTAL ABERRANCY...
"AND SO, GULLIBLE ME STEPPED INTO THE DEEP TANK..."
"NOT KNOWING THAT NICE OLD UNCLE WISOR WAS CONDUCTING AN *EXPERIMENT*..."
"...TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE GAVE A SUBJECT ONE HUNDRED TIMES THE NORMAL DOSE...
"...ONE HUNDRED TIMES THE *NORMAL DOSE* OF *AMERICA*..."
I'LL *TELL* YOU WHAT HAPPENS. THE SUBJECT IS OVERDOSED AND OVERLOADED WITH AMERICA, HE'S *POISONED, DISEASED, INFECTED* BY AMERICA...
HE'S GOT A *GALLOPING CANCER* INSIDE HIM CALLED *AMERICA*.
I'VE HEARD THEY DO ONE FOR *FRANCE* TOO AND THAT IS A LITTLE EASIER TO DIGEST. BUT THEY FILLED *ME* UP WITH AMERICA.
IN THIS STATE OF UNITED STATES INTOXICATION I WAS SHUNTED THROUGH A DOORWAY TO EARTH, ON ANOTHER MIND AGENT MISSION.

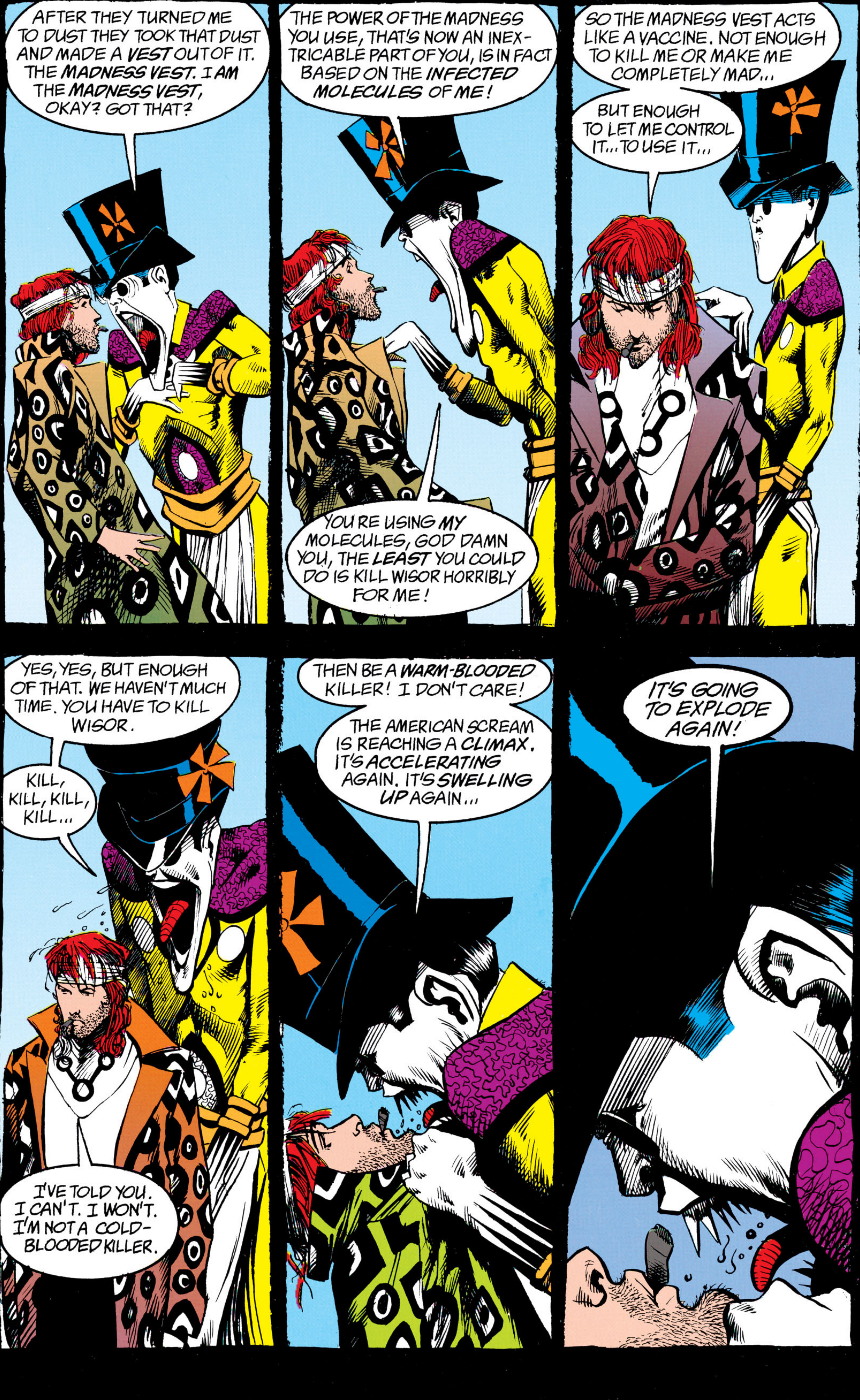
WHY? WHY DID THEY SEND US TO EARTH? WHAT WAS THE POINT OF IT ALL?
THEY NEVER TOLD ME, OR ANY OF US. JUST SAID WE WERE CRUSADERS FOR SANITY.
AND THAT I SHOULD OPERATE WITH A *DEPRESSOR* ON ANYONE WHO SEEMS A LITTLE...MAD...
BUT WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! I FELL INTO THE *AREA OF MADNESS*...
I REMEMBER. SOME AGENTS USED TO FALL INTO IT. IT WAS A REAL FEAR.
WHICH WAS WHY CLEVER OLD WISOR RIGGED ME UP WITH THIS GIZMO, DESIGNED TO TRANSPORT ME BACK TO META IF I FELL INTO THE AREA.
BUT BEFORE THEY DRAGGED ME BACK SOMETHING ALTOGETHER *ODD* HAPPENED.
"STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THE AREA OF MADNESS. MAYBE NOT ALL BAD.
"ALL THE AMERICAN JUNK THE DEEP TANK HAD PUMPED INTO ME WAS LIKE A CANCER..."
HOLLYWOOD
"...INFORMATION CELLS RUNNING OUT OF CONTROL, A LIVING CRAZY ORGANISM INSIDE ME...
"BUT IN THE AREA OF MADNESS THAT CRAZY CANCER STARTED TO SWELL AND ACCELERATE..."

"UNTIL IT VACATED ME."
"EXPLODED OUT OF ME LIKE THE BRAINS OF A DEAD PRESIDENT...
"IT LEFT ME. THE AMERICAN JUNK SPEWED OUT OF ME AND I WAS FREE OF IT..."
I WAS FREE OF IT.
OF COURSE, BY THIS TIME I'D CAUGHT THE MORE *GENERALIZED MADNESS* OF THE AREA OF MADNESS SO IT WASN'T *SUCH* A WONDERFUL THING...
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE STUFF INSIDE YOU?
THE AMERICAN CANCER, YOU CALLED IT. WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
YOU'RE A BIT OF A FOOL REALLY, AREN'T YOU?

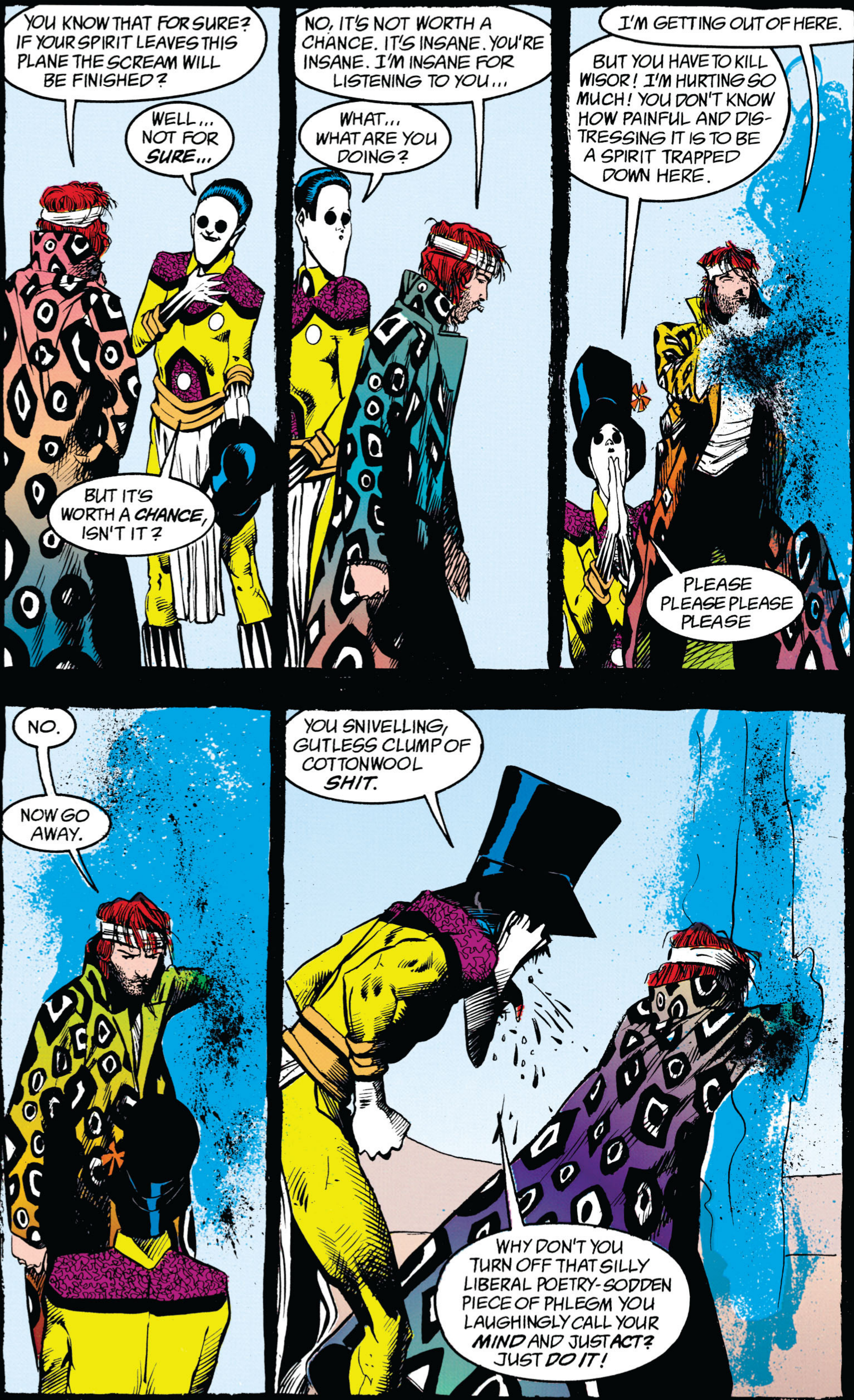

IT WAS A LIVING ENTITY. GLUED TOGETHER, I HATE TO ADMIT, BY PART OF MY ***OWN CONSCIOUSNESS***, WHICH THE THIEVING DOG STOLE FROM ME WHEN IT LEFT.
AFTER IT LEFT ME IT SORT OF *COALESCED*. IT INTEGRATED. TOOK A WHILE TO GET ITS "HEAD" TOGETHER.
AND THEN IT GRAVITATED TO WHERE IT WOULD NATURALLY GRAVITATE.
IT GRAVITATED TO THE PLACE FROM WHOSE CULTURAL LOINS IT HAD SPRUNG. THE PLACE THAT IT WAS THE EXAGGERATED, TWISTED, MIRROR-IMAGE OF.
THE PLACE IT WAS THE CANCEROUS VERSION OF...
AMERICA.
IT ENTERED THROUGH THE CRACKS IN THE MIND OF A MENTAL PATIENT IN AN ASYLUM CALLED *FARMHOUSE* OR SOME SUCH THING...
IT WAS NOW A FULLY INTEGRATED ALBEIT FULLY INSANE PERSONALITY, WITH SELF-AWARENESS AND ALL THAT STUFF.
IT CAME FROM INSIDE YOU. FROM WHAT WAS PUMPED INTO YOU IN THE DEEP CULTURE TANK...
THE AMERICAN SCREAM.

THE AMERICAN SCREAM. IT'S NOT EVEN AMERICAN. IT'S AN IMMIGRANT. IT COMES FROM META...
THE AMERICAN SCREAM...
THANKS TO THAT TURKEY-NECK PIECE OF EFFLUENT WISOR, MAY HIS DEATH BE LONG AND POINTLESS...
BUT ME! POOR ME! THERE I WAS. I'D HAD PART OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS RIPPED OFF. I WAS INFECTED WITH THIS MADNESS FROM THE AREA...
AND THEN I'M DRAGGED BACK SCREAMING TO META BY THAT OLD SADIST.
"BUT THE MADNESS I GOT COULD BE EXTERNALIZED. ALL THE SHIT INSIDE MY HEAD SPRUNG OUT.
"BOY, IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME SHOW..."
I REMEMBER! I WATCHED IT FROM MY WINDOW WITH MY FIANCÉ, MELLU...

MY GOD, I HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT HER FOR AGES. MELLU, SWEET LITTLE MELLU...
WE WATCHED THE SHOW FROM THE WINDOW.
THEY CALLED IT THE *NIGHT OF THE INSANE SKY*...
WHERE ARE YOU NOW, MELLU? WHAT KIND OF PERSON AM I, TO FORGET YOU SO EASILY?
THIS TOOK WISOR BY SURPRISE, BUT HE'S A CUNNING OLD GOAT. HE HAD AN ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING, EVEN THIS...
"I KILLED HUNDREDS, I'M GLAD TO SAY, BUT THEY EVENTUALLY GOT ME INTO A KIND OF NUCLEAR BREEDER..."
WHERE THEY NUKED ME.
WHERE THEY FRIED MY MOLECULES UP UNTIL I WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A THUMBNAIL OF POISONED-PERSON DUST...
NOW YOU SEE WHY WE HAVE TO KILL WISOR?
BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED HOW YOU GOT TO BE THE SPIRIT OF THE VEST...
OH MY GOD SPARE ME!
IT'S SO *OBVIOUS*!


AFTER THEY TURNED ME TO DUST THEY TOOK THAT DUST AND MADE A *VEST* OUT OF IT. THE *MADNESS VEST*. I AM THE *MADNESS VEST*, OKAY? GOT THAT?
THE POWER OF THE MADNESS YOU USE, THAT'S NOW AN INEXTRICABLE PART OF YOU, IS IN FACT BASED ON THE *INFECTED MOLECULES* OF *ME*!
YOU'RE USING *MY* MOLECULES, GOD DAMN YOU, THE *LEAST* YOU COULD DO IS KILL WISOR HORRIBLY FOR ME!
SO THE MADNESS VEST ACTS LIKE A VACCINE. NOT ENOUGH TO KILL ME OR MAKE ME COMPLETELY MAD...
BUT ENOUGH TO LET ME CONTROL IT... TO USE IT...
YES, YES, BUT ENOUGH OF THAT. WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME. YOU HAVE TO KILL WISOR.
KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL...
I'VE TOLD YOU. I CAN'T. I WON'T. I'M NOT A COLD-BLOODED KILLER.
THEN BE A *WARM-BLOODED* KILLER! I DON'T CARE!
THE AMERICAN SCREAM IS REACHING A *CLIMAX*. IT'S *ACCELERATING* AGAIN. IT'S *SWELLING UP* AGAIN...
IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE AGAIN!

IT'LL EXPLODE LIKE IT DID FROM ME. IT'LL COVER EVERYTHING. IT WILL HAVE WON.
I DON'T REALLY GIVE A DAMN BUT I THOUGHT **YOU** MIGHT.
SO HOW DOES KILLING WISOR STOP THAT?
BECAUSE IF YOU KILL WISOR I'LL BE A HAPPY, CONTENTED DEAD PERSON AND I'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE THIS MATERIAL PLANE AND TAKE MY PLACE IN THE SPIRITUAL GODDAMN PLANE.
I'M... I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO ATTACK YOU, BUT YOU UNDERSTAND.
THE AMERICAN SCREAM IS GLUED TOGETHER BY PART OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS, SO WE'RE KIND OF **RELATED**.
SO IF I GO TO THE SPIRITUAL PLANE IT STANDS TO REASON THAT ALL MY RELATED CONSCIOUSNESS WILL FOLLOW ME...

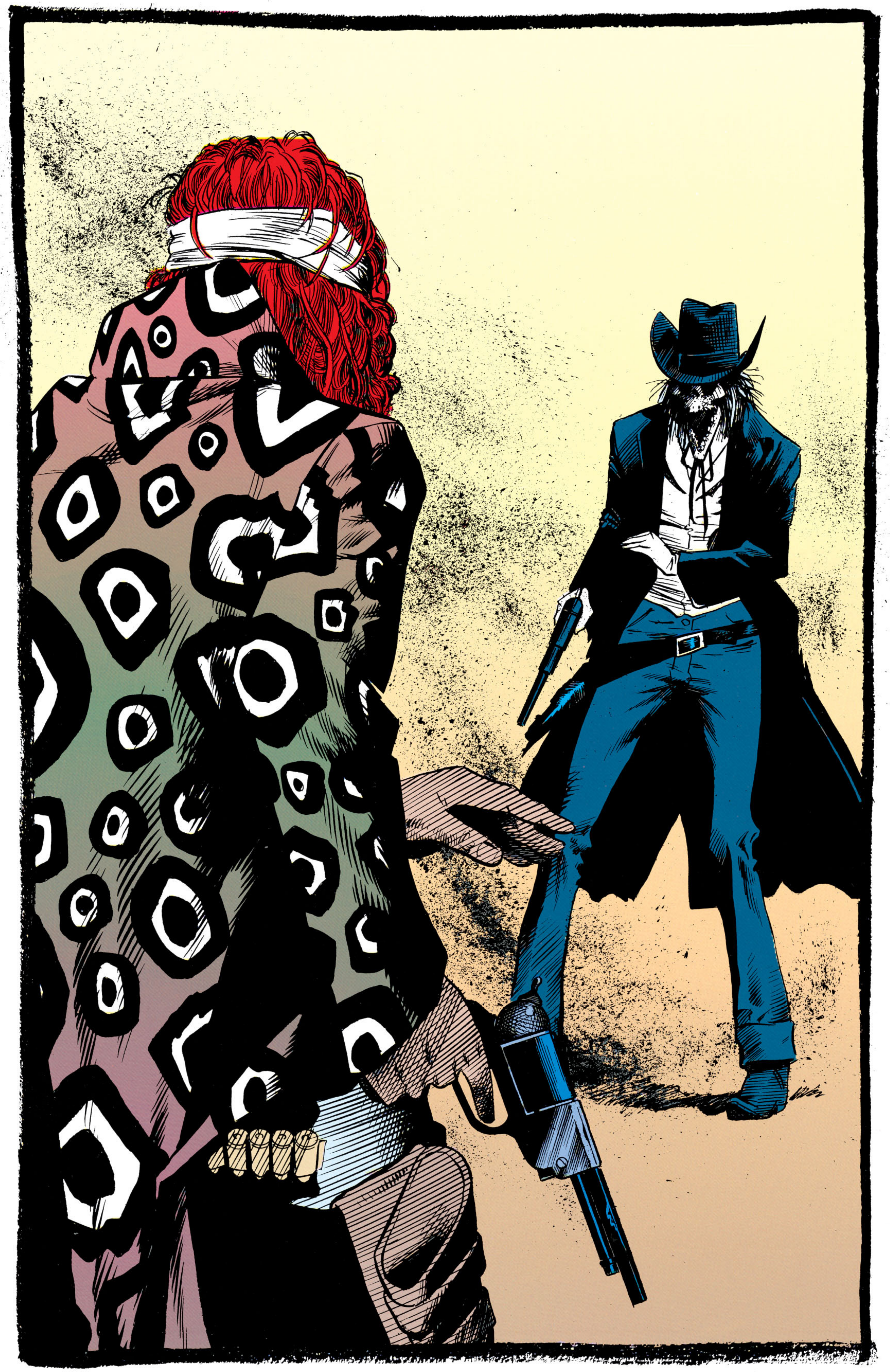

YOU KNOW THAT FOR SURE? IF YOUR SPIRIT LEAVES THIS PLANE THE SCREAM WILL BE FINISHED?
WELL... NOT FOR *SURE*...
BUT IT'S WORTH A *CHANCE*, ISN'T IT?
NO, IT'S NOT WORTH A CHANCE. IT'S INSANE. YOU'RE INSANE. I'M INSANE FOR LISTENING TO YOU...
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.
BUT YOU HAVE TO KILL WISOR! I'M HURTING SO MUCH! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW PAINFUL AND DISTRESSING IT IS TO BE A SPIRIT TRAPPED DOWN HERE.
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE
NO.
NOW GO AWAY.
YOU SNIVELLING, GUTLESS CLUMP OF COTTONWOOL *SHIT*.
WHY DON'T YOU TURN OFF THAT SILLY LIBERAL POETRY-SODDEN PIECE OF PHLEGM YOU LAUGHINGLY CALL YOUR *MIND* AND JUST *ACT*? JUST *DO IT*!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO ENJOY IT. I'LL DO THE ENJOYING FOR BOTH OF US.
JUST TURN OFF YOUR CLAP-RIDDEN CONSCIENCE AND KILL THE BASTARD.
GET OFF ME. I'M LEAVING. YOU CAN'T STOP ME.
OH CAN'T I?
UNGGG...
IF YOU WON'T KILL WISOR I'LL KILL YOU.
BEING A SPIRIT, YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON I CAN KILL, ME BEING INSIDE YOU...
MAYBE THIS WILL BE ENOUGH TO ASSUAGE MY FEELINGS OF DESOLATION AND AGONY...
YOU... MANIAC...

ONLY KIDDING, SHADE. WON'T YOU...
WON'T YOU RECONSIDER?
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SETTLE FOR A *SEVERE MAIMING*, SHADE.
PARALYSIS OF THE LOWER BODY WITH ACUTE FACIAL LESIONS MIGHT BE ENOUGH...
THIS IS GETTING TOO MUCH. WHEN'S IT GOING TO END?
DNGGG DNGGG
DNGGG
OH GOD...
DNGGG DNGGG
HIGH NOON.

THE TOWN HAS GONE QUIET AND STILL. OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE I SEE A WINDOW BEING SHUTTERED UP...
I CAN FEEL THE WHOLE TOWN WATCHING AND WAITING.
I WANT TO RUN. I WANT TO HIDE. I WANT TO BE A LITTLE BOY AGAIN.
BUT I'M NOT. AND I CAN'T.
I HAVE TO FACE IT. I'VE GOT TO BE A MAN, NOT A BOY, I HAVE TO DO WHAT A MAN HAS TO DO.
OR A WOMAN HAS TO DO.
OR ANYONE LIVING IN THE REAL WORLD AND FACING UP TO IT AND NOT RUNNING AWAY FROM THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES...
I WISH KATHY WERE HERE. SHE'S NOT. I'M ALONE.
AT TIMES LIKE THESE YOU'RE ALWAYS ALONE.

AT FIRST I THINK IT'S A TRICK OF THE LIGHT. THEN I SEE THE SUN GLINT ON HIS BUCKLE AND I SMELL HIS BREATH. EVEN FROM HERE I SMELL IT.
IT SMELLS OF POPCORN AND HOT DOGS AND BOURBON...
THIS IS THE TIME. THIS TIME NOW. I DON'T NEED TO KILL WISOR.
IF I CAN BEAT HIM NOW, SHOOT HIM, KILL HIM, IT WILL BE OVER.
THIS IS THE AMERICAN WAY TO BEAT THE AMERICAN SCREAM.
SHOOT HIM.
THIS IS FOR REAL. HE DIES OR I DIE.
EVERYTHING STOPS. WE'RE LIKE STATUES.
THE WIND TOUCHES MY FACE.



SHADE the Changing man

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THE CHANGING MAN
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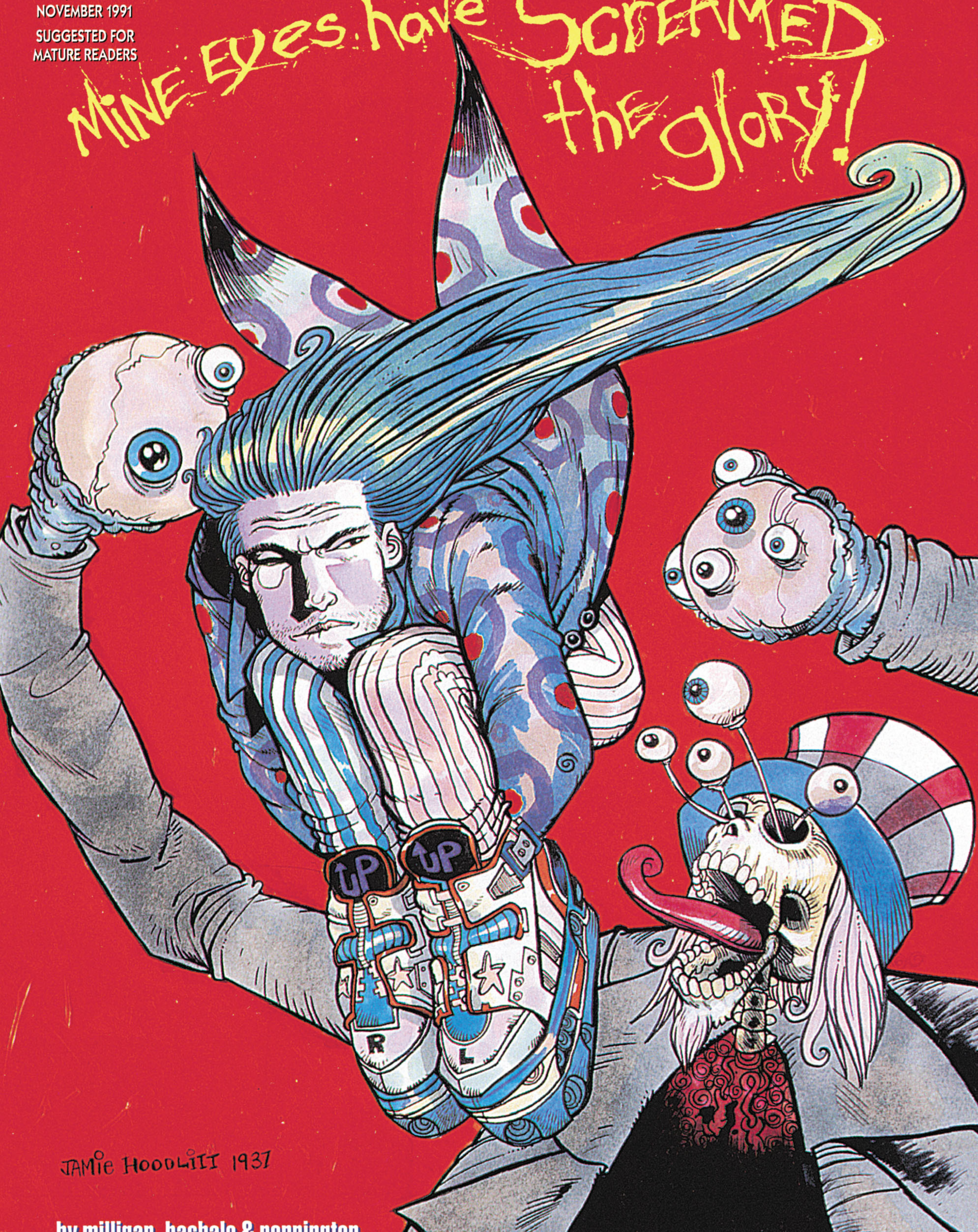
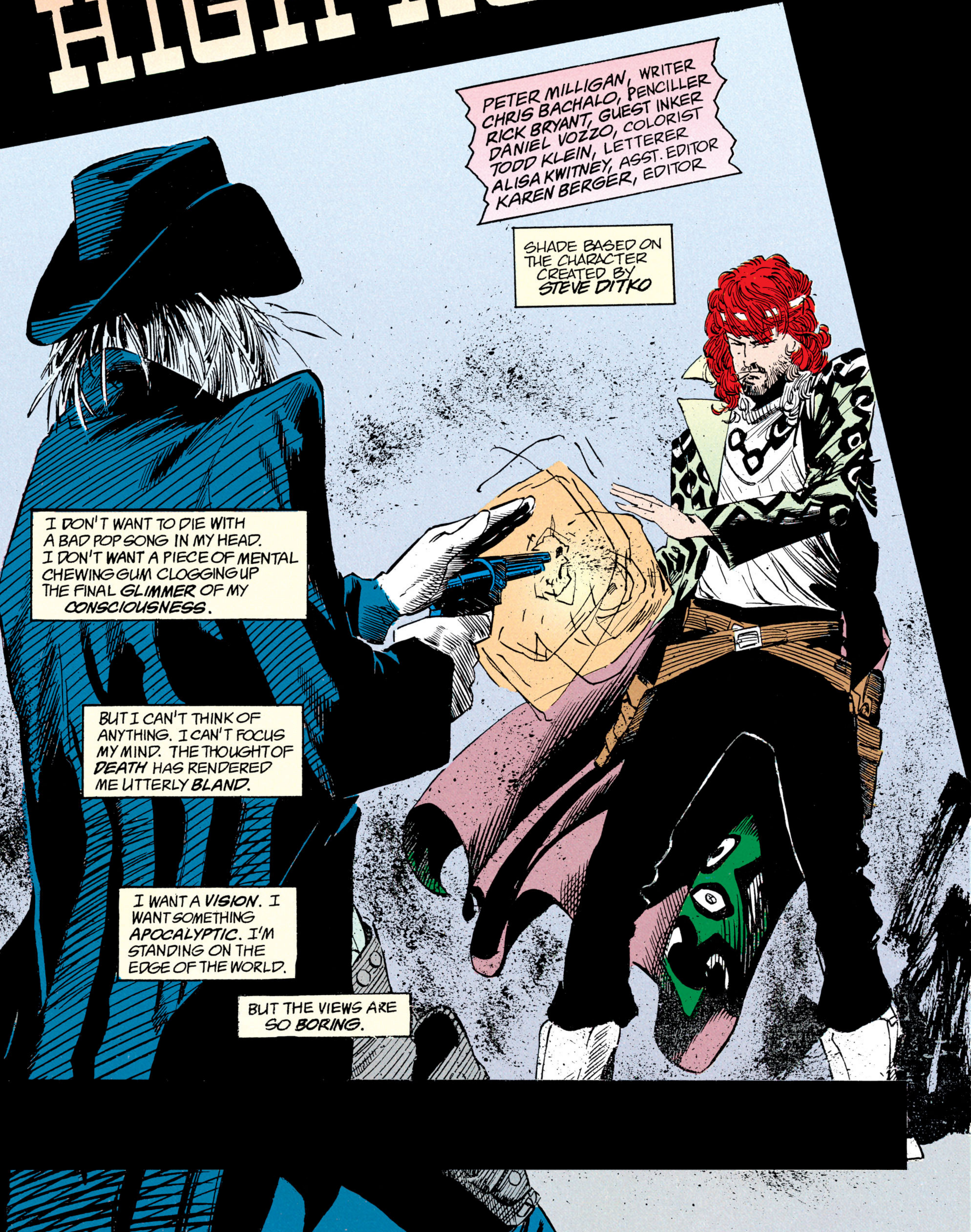


Mine eyes have Screamed the glory!
UP
UP
R
L
JAMIE HOODLITT 1937

by milligan, bachalo & pennington

DARKNESS AT HIGH NOON



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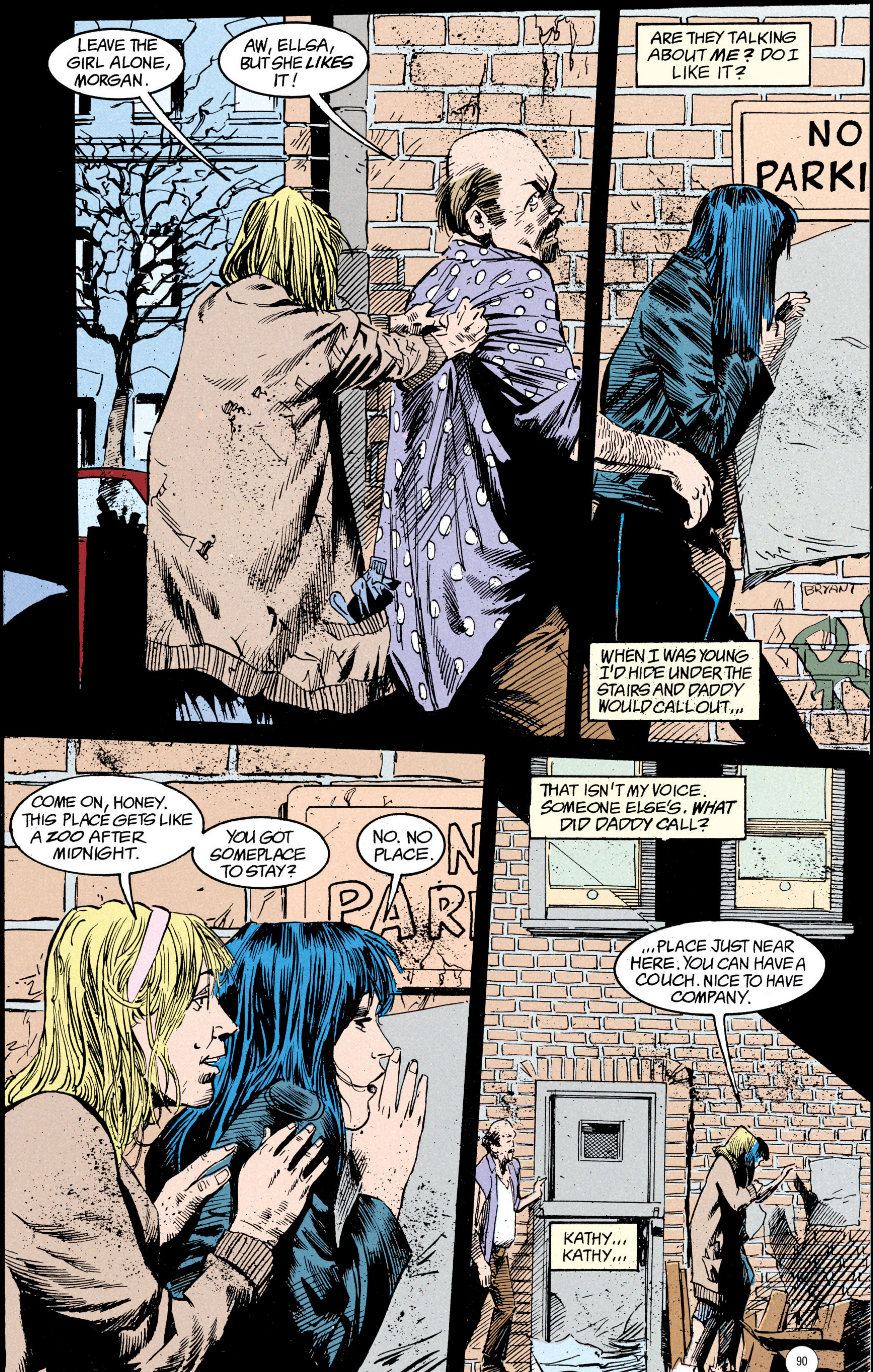
SHADE BASED ON THE CHARACTER CREATED BY *STEVE DITKO*
I DON'T WANT TO DIE WITH A BAD POP SONG IN MY HEAD. I DON'T WANT A PIECE OF MENTAL CHEWING GUM CLOGGING UP THE FINAL *GLIMMER* OF MY *CONSCIOUSNESS*.
BUT I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING. I CAN'T FOCUS MY MIND. THE THOUGHT OF *DEATH* HAS RENDERED ME UTTERLY *BLAND*.
I WANT A *VISION*. I WANT SOMETHING *APOCALYPTIC*. I'M STANDING ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.
BUT THE VIEWS ARE SO *BORING*.

WE'RE STATUES. A FROZEN BARNDANCE -- MACABRE OUTSIDE TIME OR PLACE.
I'M ABOUT TO DIE AND I JUST FEEL MEDIOCRE. MY MIND'S FULL OF EMPTINESS.
EMPTY NOTIONS. EMPTY NOTHINGS. HALF ASLEEP, AS ALWAYS. EVEN NOW, EVEN NOW.
THIS IS THE WAY THE LIGHTS GO OUT
A SILLY WHISTLE. THE MEMORY OF SOME OLD JOKE.
A SNATCH OF A LONG DEAD CONVERSATION. A CARTOON REALITY.
AND THEN BANG.
IT'S OVER.
FOR GOOD. FOR BAD. FOREVER.

EVERY DROP OF *J AND B* IS LIKE A *FUR COAT*.
BEER
COCKTAILS
I LIKE THIS BAR. THE PEOPLE ARE SO UGLY IT'S COMFORTING.
I'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN ABOUT *SHADE*. DON'T CARE THAT IT WAS *TROY GRENZER* AND NOT *SHADE* I SLEPT WITH.
I DIDN'T SLEEP WITH ANY OF THEM, JUST MY *BODY*, AND MY BODY'S NOTHING, NOTHING.
IT'S NOTHING. IT'S SHIT.
IT'S NOTHING.
SURE IT IS, BABY. 'S ALL SHIT. BUY YOU A DRINK?
YOU CAN BUY ME *TWO* DRINKS IF YOU'RE REALLY NICE ABOUT IT.
YOU CAN BUY ME ANYTHING. ANYONE CAN DO ANYTHING. WHAT DO I CARE?

SHIT, I DON'T REMEMBER DRINKING THAT ONE. IT'S GONE ALREADY.
THE GUY'S SITTING NEXT TO ME NOW, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE MOVING.
HE'S MAGNIFICENTLY REPULSIVE. A REAL FIND.
MAYBE IT WOULD TEACH SHADE A LESSON.
LET THIS GUY...
SHADE, GRENZER...
THIS GUY...
HOLLOW GRUNTS IN THE DARK, MEANING NOTHING.
EXORCISE SHADE OR SOMETHING. MAKE IT ALL THE SAME.
HOW DID I GET OUT HERE?
I DON'T REMEMBER COMING OUTSIDE.
WHO'S THIS GUY? WHO'S THIS GUY EATING MY NECK?
NO PARKING
READ


LEAVE THE GIRL ALONE, MORGAN.
AW, ELLSA, BUT SHE *LIKES* IT!
ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT *ME*? DO I LIKE IT?
NO PARKI
BRYANT
WHEN I WAS YOUNG I'D HIDE UNDER THE STAIRS AND DADDY WOULD CALL OUT,,,
COME ON, HONEY. THIS PLACE GETS LIKE A *ZOO* AFTER MIDNIGHT.
YOU GOT SOMEPLACE TO STAY?
NO. NO PLACE.
N PAR
THAT ISN'T MY VOICE. SOMEONE ELSE'S. *WHAT* DID DADDY CALL?
...PLACE JUST NEAR HERE. YOU CAN HAVE A COUCH. NICE TO HAVE COMPANY.
KATHY... KATHY...

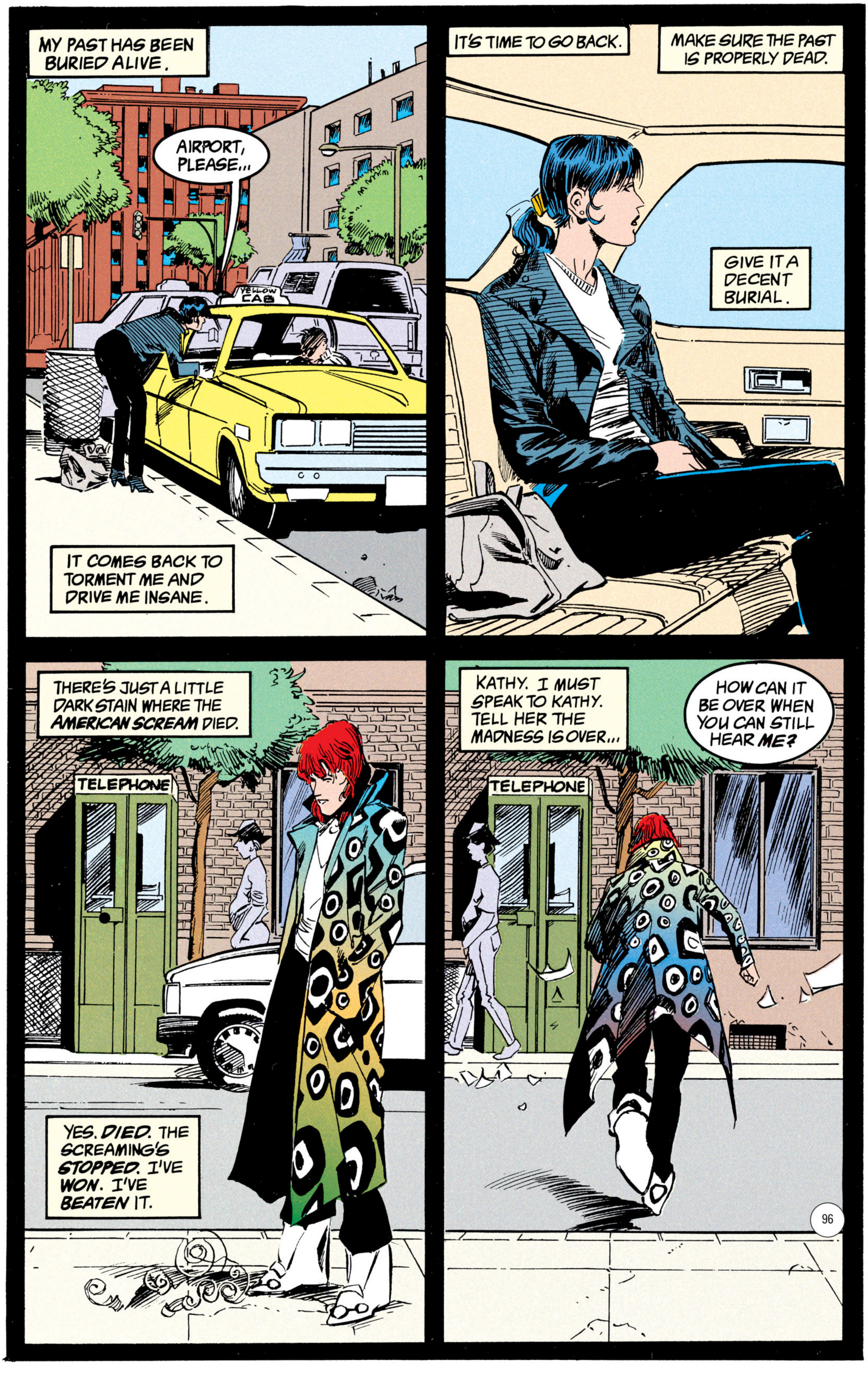
KATHY... KATHY... THAT SING-SONG VOICE OF HIS...
MAKE YOURSELF HOME. IT'S ALL YOURS.
I'M GONNA TAKE A LEAK... INTO MY...
INTO THIS THING HERE.
THE BULLETS MEANDER THROUGH THE NIGHT, TOWARDS THEIR TARGETS.
WHAT IS THERE TO SAY NOW, NOW THAT MY LIFE MAY SOON BE OVER?
ANY PASSING WORDS? ANY LAST GOODBYES?
NO. IT'S ALL QUIET.
I'VE NOTHING TO SAY TO MYSELF.
I DON'T THINK I'LL EVEN MISS MYSELF.
WILL KATHY MISS ME?
OHWW, JESUS...

ELLSA? YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK WORSE THAN I FEEL...
MORNING'S THE WORST. HANDS WON'T STAY STILL. NEED A DRINK. JUST A LITTLE. TO SET ME UP FOR THE DAY.
WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING. WE DRANK IT ALL LAST NIGHT...
I'VE GOT THIS. THIS OLD TRICK.
THAT'S WHY I TAKE A LEAK INTO THIS METAL POT.
MOST OF THE PEE SINKS TO THE BOTTOM. YOU CAN STILL GET A HIT FROM YESTERDAY'S LIQUOR...
JUST ENOUGH TO GET THE ENGINE TICKING OVER. DON'T TASTE AS BAD AS YOU THINK...
NO, DON'T TURN AWAY.
COULD YOU DO THAT? IS THIS YOU IN ONE, TWO, FIVE YEARS' TIME?
WHEN WILL THIS SEEM ACCEPTABLE? WHEN WON'T IT TASTE AS BAD AS YOU THINK?
IT WILL COME TO THIS.

AND THEN I'M BACK FROM THE EDGE.
AND THE WORLD IS SCREAMING.
AND IT ALL HAPPENS SO FAST NOW.
TUMBLEWEED SUNLIGHT ON PALE SAND. TOMBSTONE SWEAT IN MY EYES.
PISTOLS LIKE THE CRACK OF WHIPS AND

AND IT'S OVER...
IT'S OVER...
KIDD'S
RADIO·TELEVISION
IDD'S
ALE
OPEN

IT'S OVER. IT HAS TO BE.
IF I DON'T TURN MY BACK ON THIS NOW I'LL BE HERE FOREVER.
I'LL BE SIPPING ALCOHOL FROM MY OWN URINE.
I'LL BE LETTING GUYS MOLEST ME IN BACK ALLEYS FOR A FEW DRINKS.
HERSHEY'S BAR
I'LL DIE DOWN HERE.
YOU HAVE TO MAKE SOME DECISIONS, GIRL. TAKE HOLD OF YOUR LIFE. WORRY ABOUT SHADE LATER.
MOM AND DAD ARE GONE. THEY WON'T BE BACK. THE STRINGS ARE CUT.
CAT
THE BOOZE WON'T MAKE THEM COME BACK. IT WON'T FILL THE HOLE.
THE TIME'S COME. IT'S *CROSSROADS* TIME.
THERE'S *MADNESS AND DEATH* ONE WAY. *LIFE* THE OTHER.
NEITHER SOUNDS VERY APPEALING, BUT IT'S NOT AS THOUGH YOU HAVE ANY OTHER *OPTIONS*.


MY PAST HAS BEEN BURIED ALIVE.
AIRPORT, PLEASE...
YELLOW CAB
IT COMES BACK TO TORMENT ME AND DRIVE ME INSANE.
IT'S TIME TO GO BACK.
MAKE SURE THE PAST IS PROPERLY DEAD.
GIVE IT A DECENT BURIAL.
THERE'S JUST A LITTLE DARK STAIN WHERE THE AMERICAN SCREAM DIED.
TELEPHONE
YES. DIED. THE SCREAMING'S STOPPED. I'VE WON. I'VE BEATEN IT.
KATHY. I MUST SPEAK TO KATHY. TELL HER THE MADNESS IS OVER...
HOW CAN IT BE OVER WHEN YOU CAN STILL HEAR ME?
TELEPHONE

WHO...
WHO SAID THAT?
TELEPHONE
I DID. ME.
BUT... BUT YOU'RE...
A WINDOW. I KNOW. DO YOU HAVE A **PROBLEM** WITH **WINDOWS?**
AHHH...
I MEAN, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL **WINDOWIST** ABOUT THIS I WON'T LET YOU LOOK THROUGH ME.
WHY SHOULD I WANT TO LOOK THROUGH YOU?
BECAUSE THEN YOU'LL SEE INTO **WINDOWLAND.**
YOU'LL SEE WHAT YOU NEED TO SEE TO SEE THE TRUTH OF YOUR LIFE.
YOU'LL SEE KATHY. KATHY IN WINDOWLAND...
KATHY? HOW DID...
WHOOPS!
WHUUUR??

WELCOME TO WINDOWLAND!
KATHY? ARE YOU OKAY?
HAH HAH HAH! OH *SHADE*. YOU NEVER *CHANGE*, DO YOU?
STILL AS GULLIBLE AS EVER. STILL SO CHARMINGLY PATHETIC.
SPIRIT?!

LET ME OUT OF HERE, YOU MANIAC. IT'S OVER. IT'S ALL OVER.
IT WILL NEVER BE OVER UNTIL ***WISOR*** THE HIGH BASTARD OF ***META*** HAS BEEN ***KILLED HORRIBLY.***
I'LL HAUNT YOU 'TIL YOU DO IT. I'LL KEEP YOU HERE IN WINDOW-LAND.
THIS ISN'T GOING TO WORK, SPIRIT, OR MADNESS VEST, OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS...
MY NAME IS ***ROHUG***. ROHUG THE ***S***HAT-UPON. ROHUG THE CRETIN***OUS***. ROHUG THE EXPENDABLE. ROHUG THE ***GHOST***.
SEE WHAT THAT WINDOW SHOWS YOU...
THE TREACHEROUS RECEPTACLE OF WASTED SEMEN HIMSELF...
WISOR...
YES, WISOR. THE WINDOWS GIVE YOU PEEPS INTO THE MANY AVENUES OF YOUR LIFE THAT RADIATE ABOUT YOU LIKE VERY DIRTY RUMORS...

WISOR'S TALKING TO SOME-ONE... SOMEONE I KNOW...
MY GOD...
STRINGER! HOW CAN **STRINGER** BE ON **META?** WHAT ARE THEY **SAYING?**
WE CAN LOOK BUT NOT HEAR. BUT IF YOU GO TO META AND TORTURE WISOR I'M SURE HE'LL TELL YOU ALL. AND **THEN** YOU CAN KILL HIM...
MAY I SUGGEST PULLING HIS **EYES** OUT AND DRIPPING **BLEACH** INTO THE CAVITIES?
YOU'RE INSANE.
I MIGHT BE INSANE BUT I'VE KEPT MY **FIGURE**. HATRED REALLY BURNS UP THE **CALORIES**, YOU KNOW. EVEN WHEN YOU **ARE** A KIND OF GHOST.
BUT LOOK AT THIS, SHADE. DO YOU RECOGNIZE **THIS** SWEETIE?
SHE REALLY LOVED YOU, DIDN'T SHE?
REALLY LOVED YOU. WOULD'VE DIED TEN TIMES FOR YOU...

MELLU, ISN'T IT?
YOUR FIANCEÉ, I BELIEVE. OH, YOU INFIDELIOUS RAT YOU, SHADE! REMEMBER HOW EASY IT WAS TO FORGET, TO BETRAY, TO CAST HER ASIDE?
MELLU... BUT SHE LOOKS OLDER. THINNER...
WORRYING ABOUT YOU. WONDERING WHETHER YOU'LL BE TRUE. WHETHER YOU'LL RETURN. HER BARREN LONGING EATING AWAY AT HER LIKE WORMS.
IS THIS PAINFUL FOR YOU? I HOPE IT IS.
BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE LOOKING AT THIS AND OTHER DISTURBING SCRAPS OF YOUR LIFE UNTIL YOU AGREE TO KILL THE HEINOUS W.
I'M NOT GOING TO KILL ANYONE. GET OUT OF MY HEAD. GET OUT OF MY LIFE. IT'S OVER.
IT'S OVER!

NOT FOR *ME* IT ISN'T. NOR IS IT FOR *YOU*.
BUT IT *MIGHT* BE FOR *HER*...
HERZ RENT-A-CAR
I'M GOING HOME.
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'M NOT SCARED. I FEEL LIGHT. IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY.
THIS IS WHERE ROGER AND I STOPPED.
THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE.

IT ALL LOOKS AND SMELLS THE SAME. WHY SHOULDN'T IT?
WE WALKED THROUGH THIS FIELD. HE WAS TALKING ABOUT TRAVELLING TO SOUTH AMERICA. THE SUN MADE US FEEL LAZY.
WE HAD SO MUCH TIME. WE HAD ALL OUR LIVES.
THERE WAS NO HURRY TO GET TO MY PARENTS.
MY PARENTS. MOM AND DAD.
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. MAYBE THEY THOUGHT IT WAS US. BUT IT WASN'T. IT WASN'T US.
IT WAS A YOUNG MAN DELIVERING GROCERIES THEY HADN'T ORDERED.
BUT THERE WERE NO GROCERIES. JUST A BROWN BAG FULL OF EMPTY CARTONS.
I'M GOING HOME.

FIVE, TEN, FIFTEEN MINUTES PASS.
IT GETS EASIER TO LOOK AT.
IT'S STRANGE. I NEVER EVEN LIVED IN THAT HOUSE. I ONLY EVER VISITED. BUT IT'S STILL COMING HOME. BECAUSE THIS IS WHERE MOM AND DAD ARE.
MOM. DAD. ROGER.
I'M DOING THIS FOR ALL OF US.
KATHY...
KATHY...
BE CAREFUL...
YOU CAN'T REACH HER. BUT AGREE TO KILL WISOR AND I'LL OPEN THE WINDOW FOR YOU...

FOR A MOMENT I THINK I HEAR DADDY'S SING-SONG VOICE CALLING KATHY... KATHY...
IT'S JUST THE BREEZE ON THE SCREEN DOOR.
I'M DOING REAL WELL. GETTING STRONGER. IT'S OVER.
BURY IT. BURY THE PAST.
THERE'S A **RED SPECK** ON THE WALL. I DON'T RUN. I DON'T CRY.
THE POLICE MUST HAVE LEFT IT THERE WHEN THEY CLEANED UP.
DON'T LET IT THROW YOU. YOU CAN HANDLE THIS. IT'S THE PAST.
THE PAST CAN'T HURT YOU ANYMORE. NOW OPEN YOUR EYES, LOOK AT IT...

SMELLED IT BEFORE I SAW IT.
OPENED THE DOOR...
MOM, DAD, IT'S ME...
HIS SING-SONG VOICE...
KATHY... KATHY...
I'M NOT MAD. I GET MAD BUT I'M NOT MAD...

WHAT'S *HAPPENING?* WHAT'S *HAPPENING?*
IT'S NOT OVER. IT CAN NEVER BE OVER UNTIL YOU RETURN TO *META* AND FREE ME FROM THIS TAWDRY MATERIAL PLANE...
KATHY...
IT'S NO USE. *I* CONTROL WINDOWLAND...

IT'S ONLY BEGINNING...
NEXT:
SCREAM TIME

DC
SHADE
the ChaNgiNG man
SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN
No. 18
US $1.75
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DECEMBER 1991
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
END SCREAM
HOME DEATH
META
by milligan, bachalo & pennington
JAMIE HEWLETT

SCREAMTIME

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based on characters created by STEVE DITKO

IT'S READY TO BURST.
ALL THAT TWISTED, EXAGGERATED, MUTATED, BENT AND CRIPPLED AMERICA JUST WAITING TO EXPLODE...
BUT IT'S NOT AMERICA. REMEMBER THAT. IT'S THE AMERICA OF A DEEP CULTURE TANK.
IT'S AN *IDEA* OF AMERICA. SEEN FROM A LONG WAY OFF, FROM ANOTHER PLANET.
IT'S AN IDEA OF A COUNTRY WHICH IS ITSELF AN IDEA...

...A COUNTRY OF DISPARATE GROUPS AND RACES AND IDEALS AND INSANITIES PRETENDING TO BE BOUND TOGETHER BY AN IDEA CALLED AMERICA...
KATHY! ARE YOU IN THERE?
IT'S ME!
HONEY, HAVE YOU SEEN AMERICA?

AMERICA? WHY, NO, SWEETHEART...
DARN! I SWEAR IT WAS RIGHT HERE IN THE KITCHEN LAST NIGHT WHEN WE WENT TO BED...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SWEETHEART?
I'M LOOKING FOR AMERICA, HONEY.
IT JUST HAS TO BE AROUND HERE SOME-PLACE.
United States
San Salvador
umbus' First Voyage to the New World 1492

THERE IT IS, FELLAS.
I THINK I'LL CALL IT *SWAMP JUICE.*
GET OUT OF HERE, CHRIS! WHO'LL WANNA LIVE IN A COUNTRY CALLED SWAMP JUICE? CALL IT... CALL IT *AMERICA*. MORE OF A RING TO IT.
AMERICA! HEY, I *LIKE* IT
AMERICA! AMEEEARRICA...
SAY, LOOKEE HERE, GUYS. THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE NATIVES.
AHH, I'M NOT SURE HOW I'M GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS, BUT...
PUT HIM DOWN IN THE HOLD, BOYS. RECKON I MIGHT USE HIM LATER.
JUST REMEMBER, PRETTY BOY. I SAW. I CONQUERED. I CAME.
YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KILL HIM, LIKE I SAID.

YOU HAVE TO GO TO **META** AND KILL **WISOR**. THEN MY SPIRIT SHALL BE FREE AND I'LL TAKE MY SPIRIT FROM THE **AMERICAN SCREAM** TOO.
AND THEN YOU CAN KILL THE AMERICAN SCREAM AND WE CAN ALL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER...
OR IN MY CASE I'LL BE **DEAD** HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
THINGS ARE GETTING CRAZIER, SHADE, YOU HAVE TO ADMIT. BUT THIS IS LIKE **THE WALTONS** COMPARED TO WHAT IT'S GONNA BE LIKE.
THE WALTONS?
DIDN'T THE CULTURE TANK TELL YOU ABOUT THE WALTONS?
THEY'RE A KIND OF RELIGIOUS SPLINTER GROUP, THROWN OUT OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH ON GROUNDS OF BESTIALITY AND INCEST. HOWEVER...
KILL WISOR AND ALL THIS IS HISTORY. THINK OF KATHY. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO KATHY? TERRIBLE THINGS, I SHOULD IMAGINE.
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KILL WISOR FOR ME OR FOR YOURSELF OR FOR AMERICA, KILL HIM FOR KATHY.
NAHHHHHH!
WHAT... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
SCREAMING. KATHY, SCREAMING.
WHAT **COULD** BE HAPPENING TO HER?
KATHY!

PAUL REVERE'S HORSE. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO PAUL REVERE'S HORSE?
TOD, I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO HANDLE PAUL REVERE'S HORSE. THE GODDAMN THING IS LAME!

...AND LOOK AT THIS DECLARATION. "US THE PEOPLE..."
US THE PEOPLE? US?
POPULAR CULTURE'S NEXT DOOR. THIS IS THE HISTORICITY SECTION.
YOU ARE LOOKING FOR POPULAR CULTURE?
NO, I'M... I'M LOOKING FOR A GIRL...
SEX IS DOWNSTAIRS.
EXCUSE ME...
CRAIG, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT FICTION SAYS, WE CAN'T HAVE EDGAR ALLAN POE SHOOTING ABE LINCOLN...
LISTEN, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HORSES?
...KATHY...

HELP ME
HOW CAN I REACH HER?
YOU CAN'T. NOT UNTIL THE AMERICAN SCREAM'S BEEN DEFEATED.
WHAT YOU'RE EXPERIENCING NOW ALL AMERICA WILL EXPERIENCE WHEN THE SCREAM BLOWS THE BIG ONE. THIS AND WORSE. AND THE LIVING SHALL ENVY THE CRACK ADDICTS.
OKAY.
OKAY WHAT?
OKAY.
I'LL KILL WISOR.

PLEASE... PLEASE GO AWAY...
I'M NOT MAD. I GET MAD BUT I'M NOT MAD...
I'M TRYING... TO BE STRONG...
I'M REALLY TRYING...
WANNA GET IT ON AGAIN, KATHY?
WE BOTH KNOW YOU PREFER IT WITH ME.
WE BOTH KNOW THAT *SHADE* WAS A BIG LETDOWN AFTER BEING IN THE SACK WITH YOURS TRULY...
G'WAN! ADMIT IT! IT'S TRUE!
WHY DENY IT. IT'S TRUE.
YOU'RE MY DREAM MAN, TROY.

YOU'RE EVERYTHING A WOMAN COULD WANT IN A MAN...
TALL. STRONG. GOOD LOOKING. PSYCHOTIC.
DON'T STOP, BABY. YOU MISSED OUT "GREAT PERSONALITY".
GREAT PERSONALITY...
JESUS. I'VE BROKEN MY HAND...
HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH
HAH HAH
HAH HAH HAH HAH
HAH HAH
HAH HAH
HAH HAH
HAH HAH
HAH HAH

BUT I'VE LOOKED FOR SHIMMERING DOORWAYS, I HAVEN'T FOUND ANY.
YOU JUST WEREN'T LOOKING IN THE RIGHT PLACES...
REMEMBER, YOUR BODY IS AN EARTH BODY NOW. YOUR TIME ON META WILL BE LIMITED.
SO START SLICING UP THE TREACHEROUS BASTARD AS SOON AS YOU CAN.
"IT WILL TAKE YEARS BEFORE YOU ARE A TRUE CHANGEMASTER, BUT NEVER HAVE CHANGEMASTERS BEEN MORE NECESSARY..."
THE MADNESS IS SPREADING ACROSS PLANET EARTH. I FEAR WE WILL LOSE THE PLANET...
WE MUST NOT ALLOW MADNESS TO CREEP INTO OUR WORLD. HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE AREA OF MADNESS?
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, HE'LL BETRAY YOU.
SHADE?

SHADE, MY DEAR BOY. HOW GOOD IT IS TO SEE YOU. I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D RETURN HOME.
THIS ISN'T MY HOME ANYMORE, WISOR. YOU MADE SURE OF THAT WHEN YOU DESTROYED MY BODY...
AH. YOU STILL HARBOR A GRUDGE.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MEN. HE'S ONE OF US.
I'M NOT ONE OF YOU. I'M IN THE BODY OF AN EARTHMAN. MY REAL BODY IS A SHRIVELLED HUSK IN THE AREA OF MADNESS.
YOU SAID I'D BE ABLE TO RETURN TO IT. YOU KNEW I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO. YOU SENTENCED MY BODY TO DEATH.
SUCH EMOTIVE LANGUAGE! I HAD TO LIE TO YOU OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GONE. YOU ARE RIGHTLY CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR OWN BODY AND YOUR OWN WELL-BEING...
I, ON THE OTHER HAND, MUST LOOK AT THE **BIG PICTURE**. IN THE WAR AGAINST INSANITY WE MUST SOMETIMES DO WICKED THINGS.
YOU CAN GO, YOUNG MAN. RETURN HERE TOMORROW AT THE SAME TIME.

AND WHAT *IS* THE *BIG PICTURE*, WISOR? JUST WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING?
THE THING THAT'S DESTROYING AMERICA IS THE THING *YOU MADE*. THE *AMERICAN SCREAM* IS ONE OF YOUR *BABIES*.
CAN'T YOU CUT THE TALKING AND GET *ON* WITH IT, SHADE?
ROHUG? AGENT ROHUG?
CORRECTION. THE *LATE* AGENT ROHUG. KILLED BY YOU. INFECTED WITH THE AMERICAN DISEASE BY YOU. BETRAYED BY YOU.
YOU KNOW WHY SHADE HAS COME BACK? REVENGE.
HE'S GOING TO *KILL* YOU.

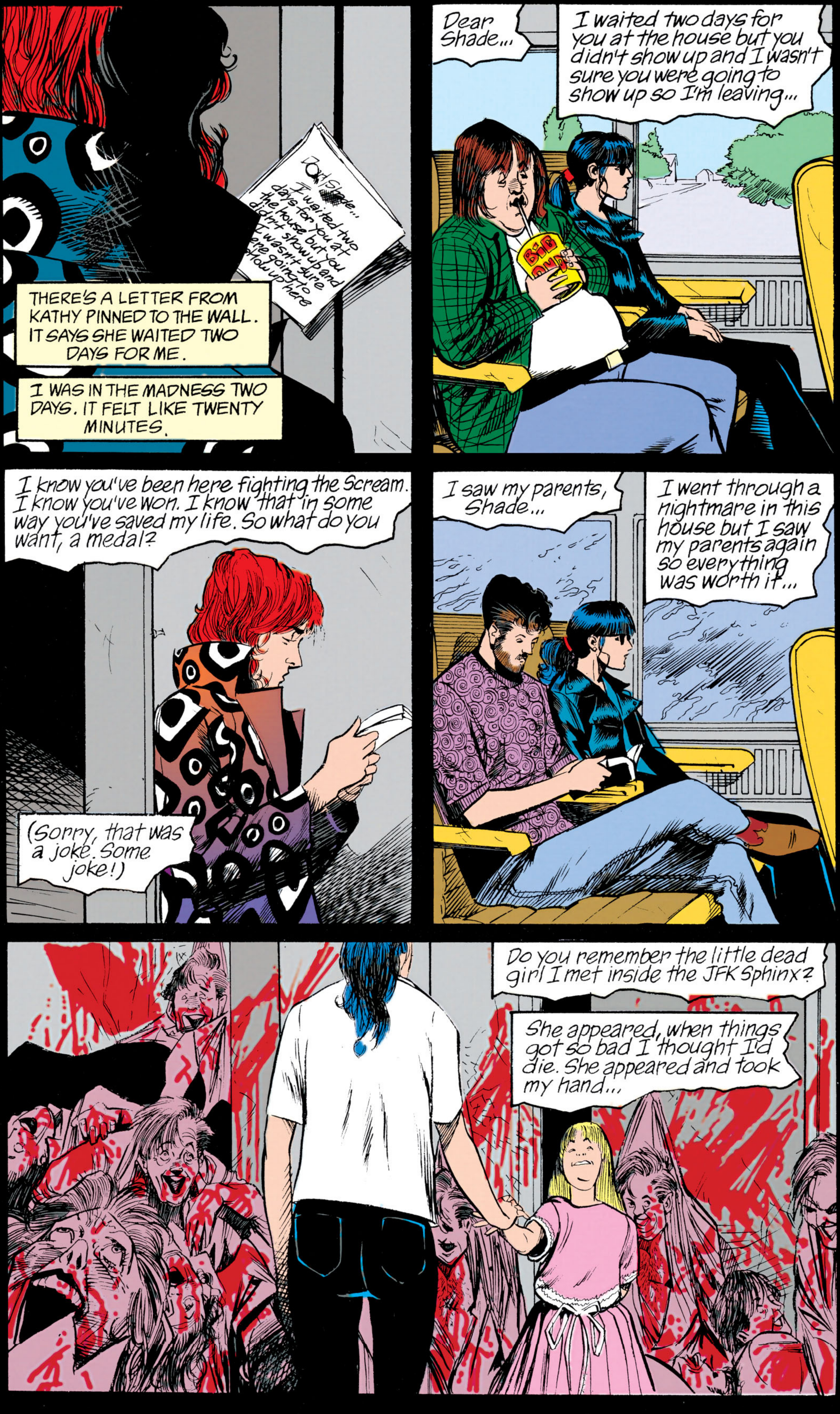
SHADE... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
SLOWER, SHADE. HE'S NOT HURTING ENOUGH.
GO FOR THE EYES, SHADE! GO FOR THE EYES!
THERE'S A LOT I WANT TO ASK YOU. ABOUT WHAT STRINGER HAS TO DO WITH THIS, WHY YOU REALLY FEAR THE MADNESS, WHAT THE AREA OF MADNESS REALLY IS...
BUT IF I DON'T DO THIS NOW I NEVER WILL...
SLOWER, SHADE. HE'S NOT HURTING ENOUGH.
NOW BITE HIS NOSE OFF! GO ON, JUST FOR ME!

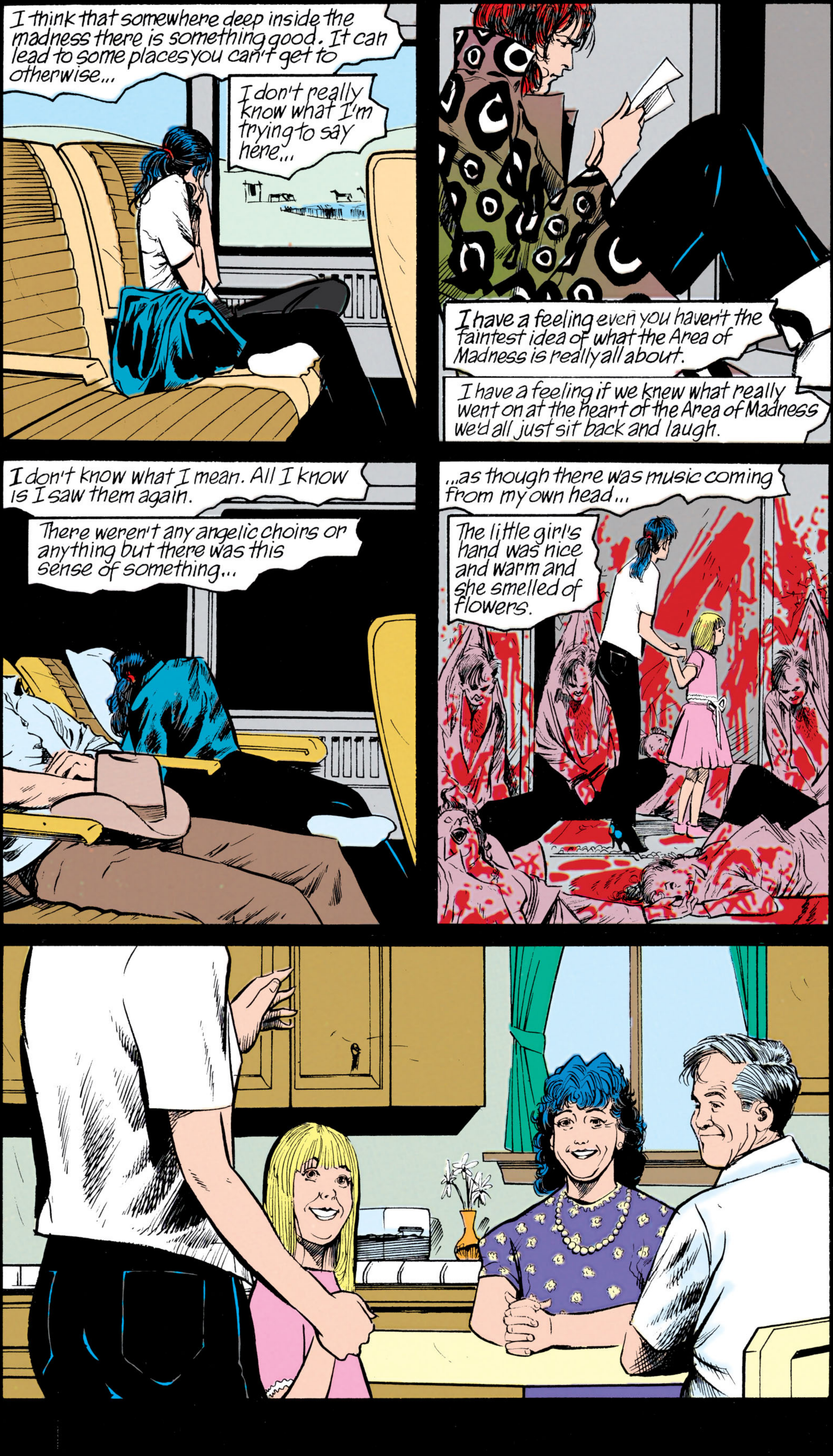
WHAT'S GOING ON? AH, LET ME GUESS...
THAT WAS JUST A WARM-UP. NOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING *REALLY* PAINFUL.
I CAN'T DO IT.
I CAN'T JUST KILL A MAN LIKE THAT.
THIS ISN'T FUNNY, SHADE. REMEMBER KATHY! REMEMBER THE AMERICAN SCREAM!
SHADE, SHADE. WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SHADE?

SHADE, PLEASE, WE CAN COME TO SOME AGREEMENT...
LOOK AT IT, WISOR.
LOOK AT WHAT YOU MADE...
THIS IS THE EFFECT OF ONE OF YOUR EXPERIMENTS, WHEN YOU DECIDED TO PUMP OUTRAGEOUS AMOUNTS OF AMERICA INTO AGENT ROHUG.
THE PROBLEM WITH JUST LOOKING AT THE BIG PICTURE IS YOU FORGET THAT IT'S MADE UP OF A LOT OF SMALL PICTURES...
WISOR...
FEEL THE SCREAM...
...LITTLE PICTURES LIKE ME AND AGENT ROHUG...
IT'S LOOKING AT ME...
GET IT TO STOP LOOKING AT ME...

RIP
AAAIIEIEIEIEIEIEIEIE!
SHADE, YOU SLY OLD DOG, THAT WAS PERFECT!
WHAT WISOR'S DEATH LACKED IN TORTURE IT MADE UP FOR IN IRONY. HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?
EASY.
GO AWAY AND DON'T COME BACK...
OH, I'M GOING, I'M GOING, SHADE. I'M RISING.
MY TORTURED SOUL HAS BEEN LIBERATED... MY SPIRIT IS GATHERING ITSELF FROM ALL CORNERS OF LIFE TO BE WITH ME AS I GO TOWARDS THE LIGHT...

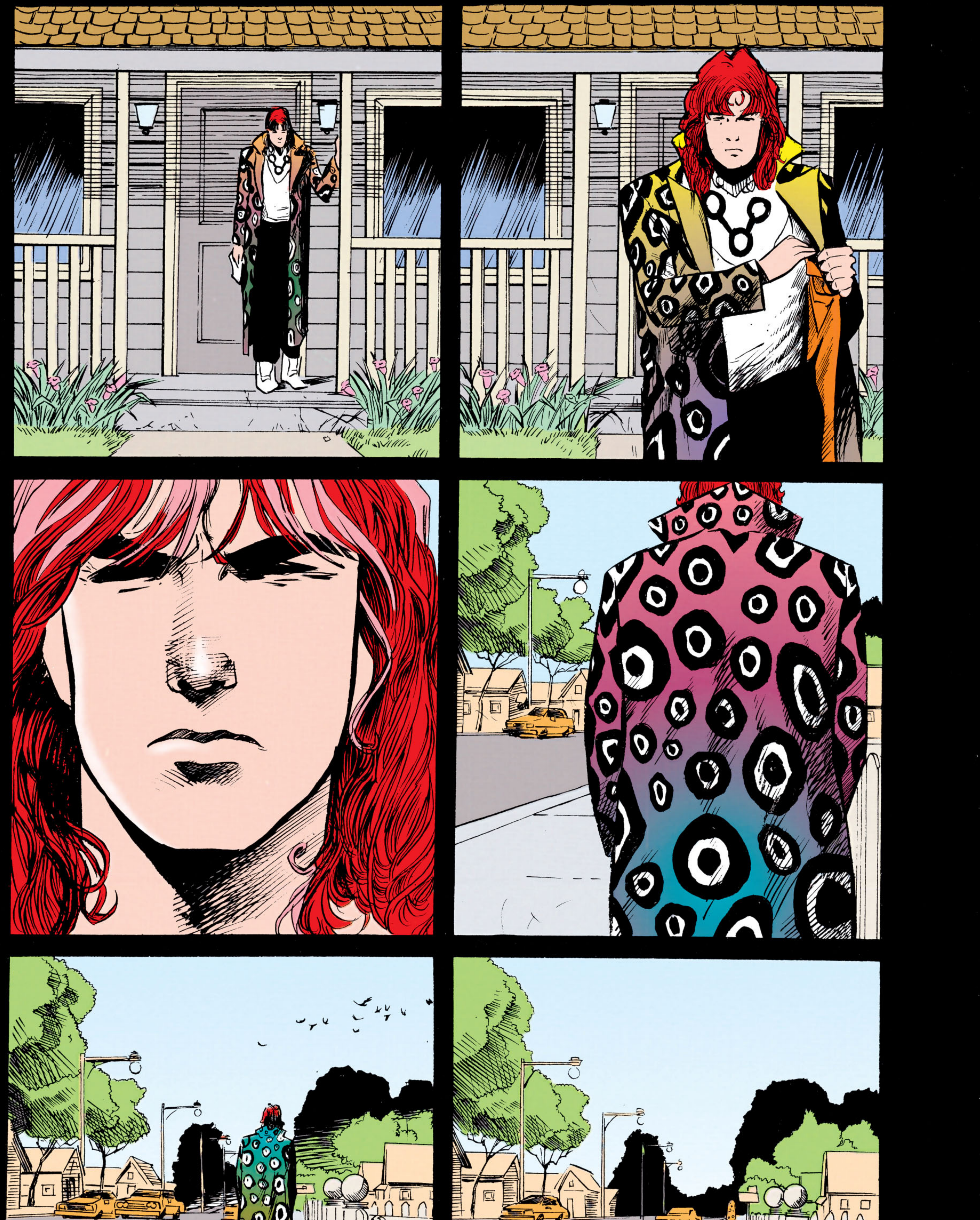
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT INSIDE YOU. YOU'RE JUST INFORMATION WITH NOTHING TO HANG ONTO...
IT'S OVER...
OVER!
KATHY...


Dear Shade... I waited two days for you at the house but you didn't show up and I wasn't sure you were going to show up here
THERE'S A LETTER FROM KATHY PINNED TO THE WALL. IT SAYS SHE WAITED TWO DAYS FOR ME.
I WAS IN THE MADNESS TWO DAYS. IT FELT LIKE TWENTY MINUTES.
Dear Shade...
I waited two days for you at the house but you didn't show up and I wasn't sure you were going to show up so I'm leaving...
BIG GULP
I know you've been here fighting the Scream. I know you've won. I know that in some way you've saved my life. So what do you want, a medal?
(Sorry, that was a joke. Some joke!)
I saw my parents, Shade...
I went through a nightmare in this house but I saw my parents again so everything was worth it...
Do you remember the little dead girl I met inside the JFK Sphinx?
She appeared, when things got so bad I thought I'd die. She appeared and took my hand...


I think that somewhere deep inside the madness there is something good. It can lead to some places you can't get to otherwise...
I don't really know what I'm trying to say here...
I have a feeling even you haven't the faintest idea of what the Area of Madness is really all about.
I have a feeling if we knew what really went on at the heart of the Area of Madness we'd all just sit back and laugh.
I don't know what I mean. All I know is I saw them again.
There weren't any angelic choirs or anything but there was this sense of something...
...as though there was music coming from my own head...
The little girl's hand was nice and warm and she smelled of flowers.

They were real, Shade. They weren't part of the madness. They were what lay beyond the madness.
They were my parents.
We hugged and kissed and cried. I cried so much all that was left inside me were good feelings.
My god, I hardly know what I'm writing here.
Then I knew our time was up. I knew it had to end here.
We didn't say goodbye. There was no need. We just smiled at each other and then I turned away, but took something of them with me.
For a long time what Troy Grenzer did meant the only parts of my parents I carried with me hurt and made me crazy...
But now I'm carrying good warm loving parts of them with me. I know they're dead. I know they're never coming back.
I miss them like hell but I can think about them now without feeling sick and I think that's the start of the healing.

I'm going to my Uncle's place in Montana, Shade.
I haven't been there since I was a kid.
I love you, Shade. I'm not quite sure what those words mean, but there, I've said it.
I love you but I'm not sure if I want to be with you.
I need a little time on my own. Lick my wounds. Get some quiet into my life.
I'm enclosing my Uncle's address. If after a few weeks or so you feel like seeing me again, come to Montana.
If I don't see you, it's been wild, Shade. It's been a totally insane experience knowing you...
Love, K.



SHADE the CHANGING man

SHADE,
THE CHANGING MAN
No. 19
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JANUARY 1992
SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS

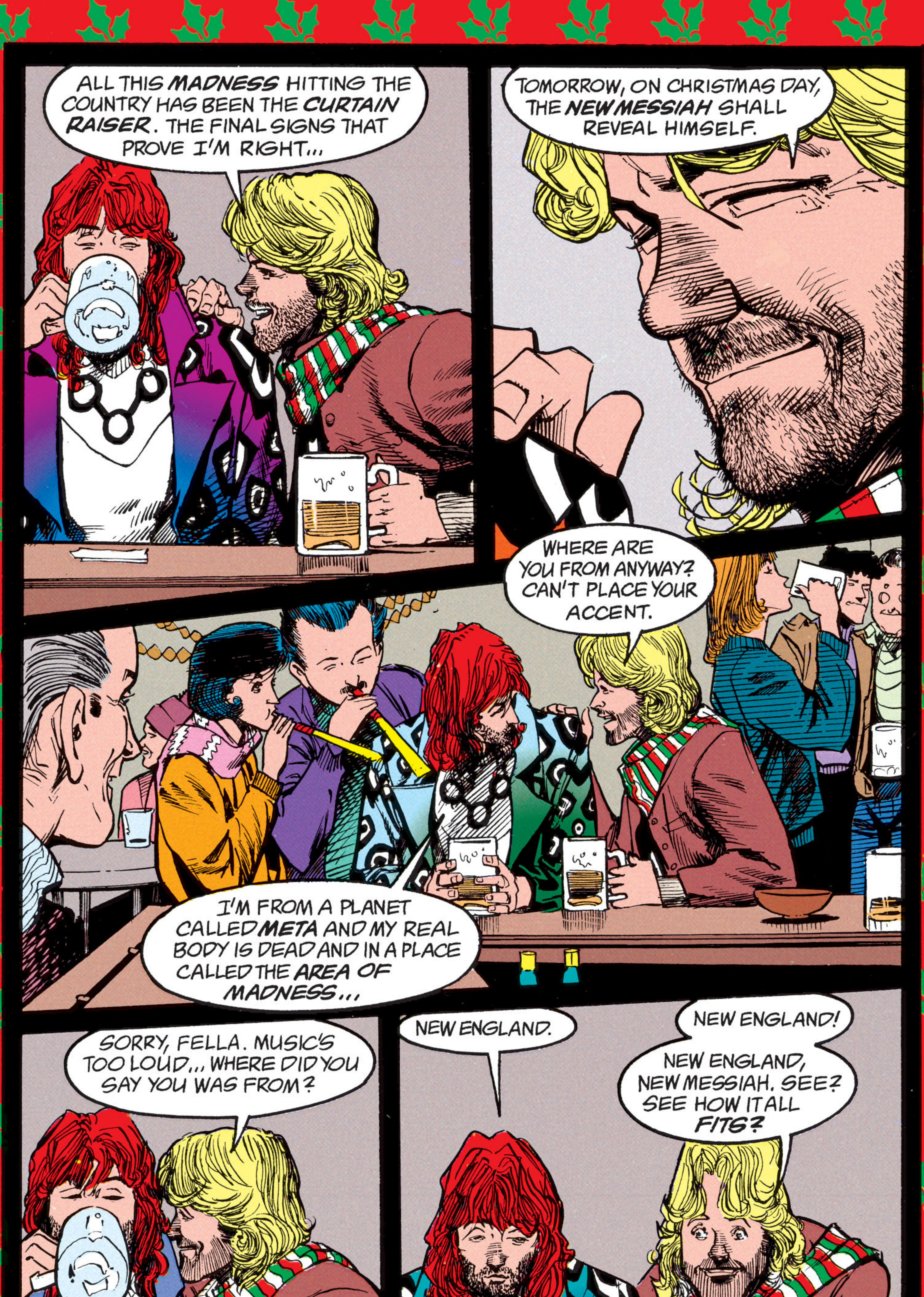
It Sees You When You're Sleeping.

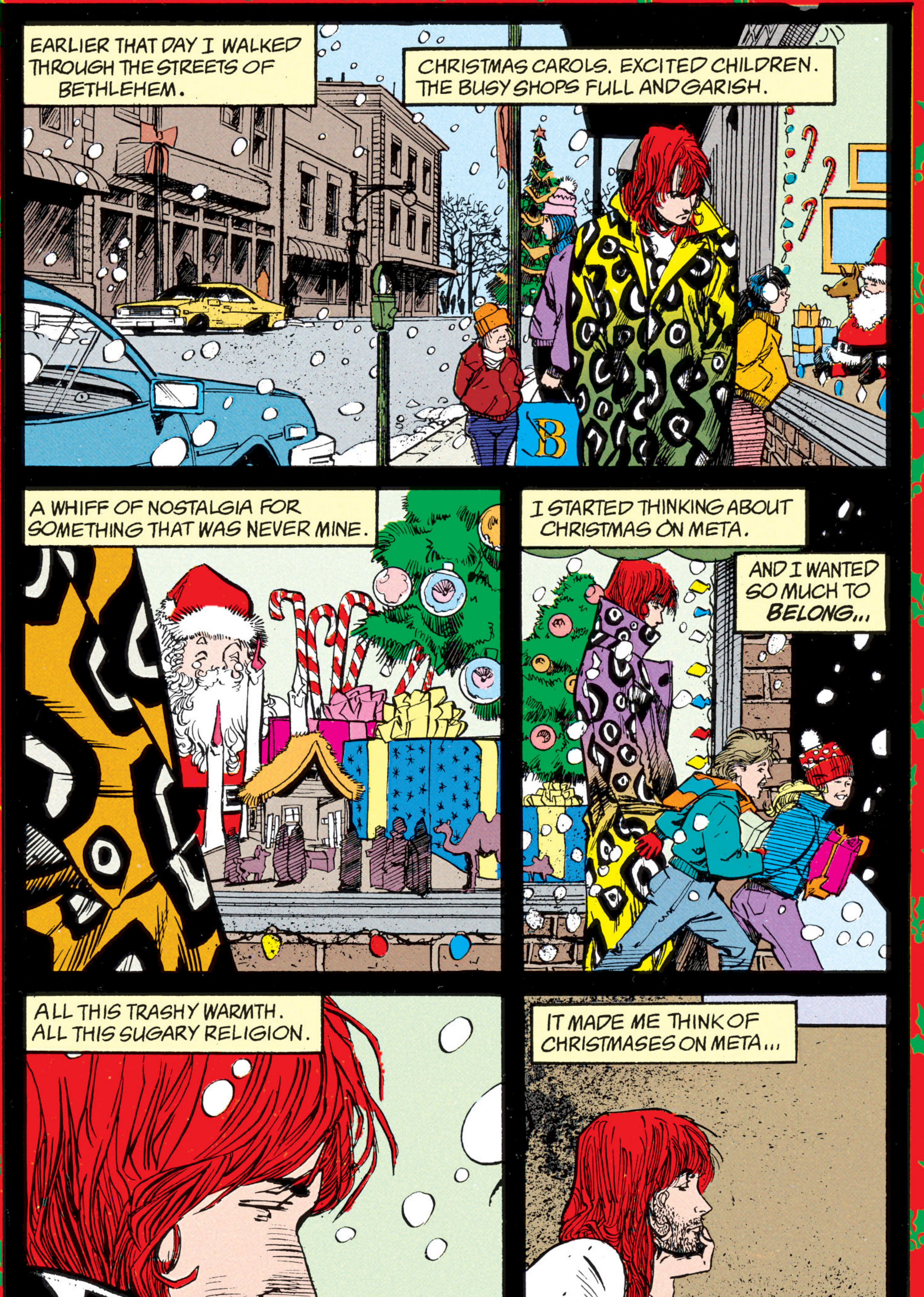
REM
BOK
JAMIE HEWLETT 1990

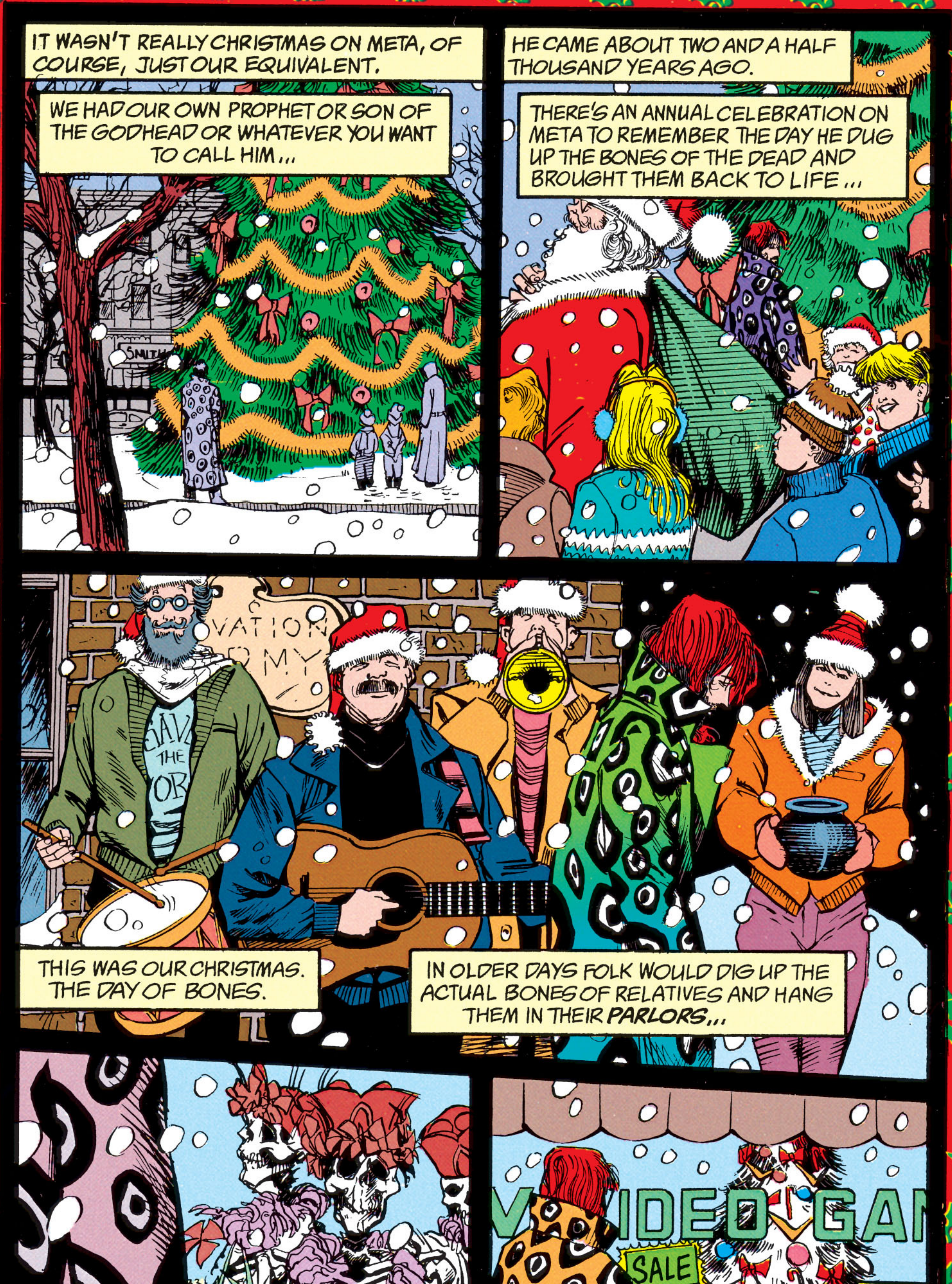
by milligan, bachalo & pennington

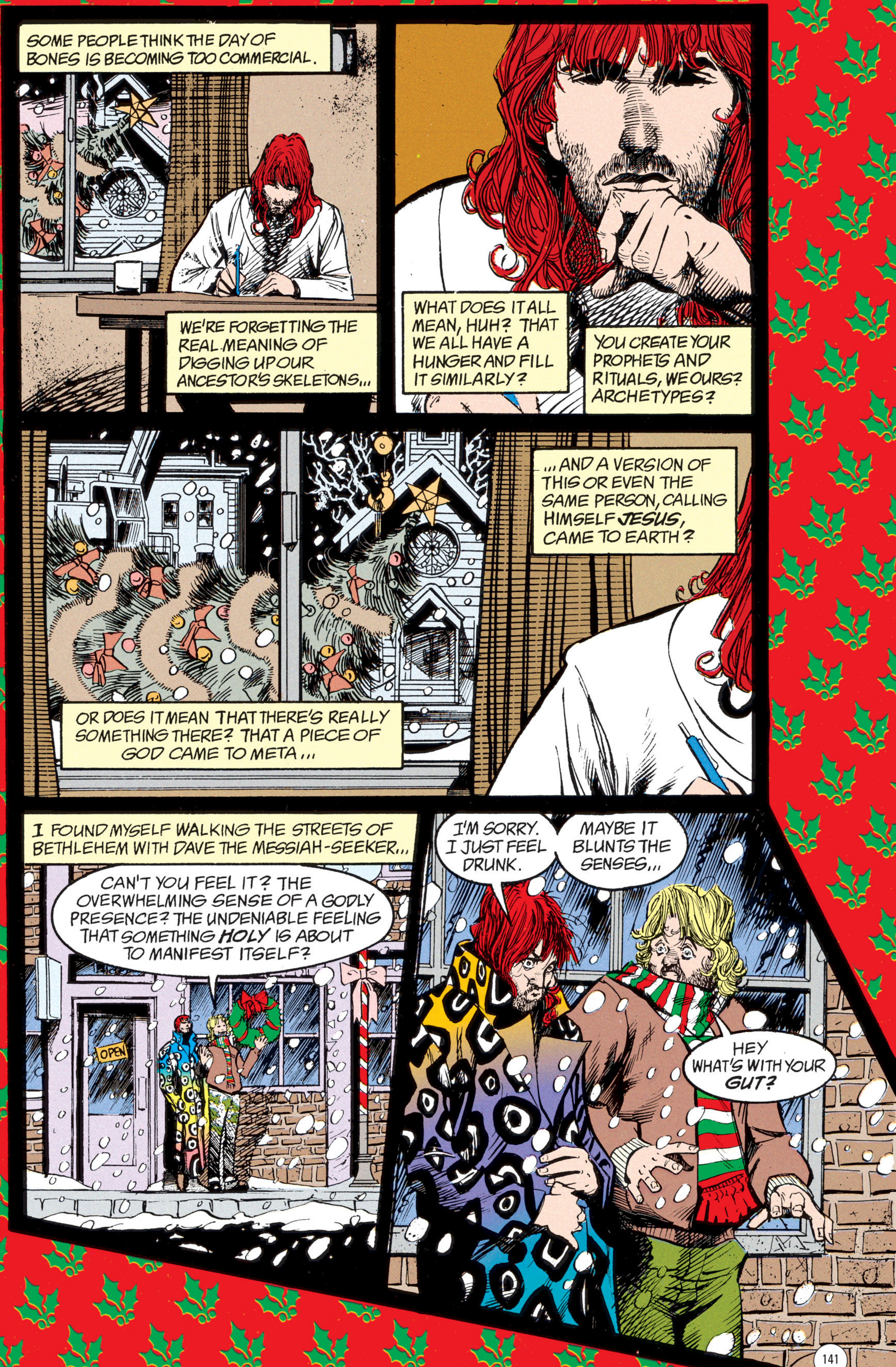
NO VACANCY
NO VACANCY
NO VACANCY
MOTEL
MERRY
CHRISTMAS
CABLE TV
NO VACANCY
CIRCLE MOTEL
SWIMMING POOL
I DIDN'T WANT TO WRITE BUT IT'S CHRISTMAS AND I'M LONELY AND HUNG OVER...
WE HAVE ALCOHOL ON META BUT IT DOESN'T HURT LIKE THIS.
MY GOD, KATHY, NO WONDER YOU LOOKED SO TERRIBLE THOSE MORNINGS AFTER YOU'D BEEN DRINKING...
HOW COULD YOU KEEP DRINKING WHEN YOU KNEW THIS WAS HOW YOU'D FEEL?
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE GOT HUNG OVER BEFORE. MAYBE IT WOULD'VE HELPED ME UNDERSTAND.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING. NEVER REALLY HAVE...
I'VE JUST EXPERIENCED MY FIRST EARTH CHRISTMAS.
KATHY'S COFFEE CUP
MONTANA
IT WAS A LITTLE STRANGE...
I MET A MAN WHO WAS LOOKING FOR THE NEW MESSIAH.
NO VACANCY

Bethlehem U.S.A.
PETER MILLIGAN: WRITER
CHRIS BACHALO: PENCILLER
MARK PENNINGTON: INKER
DANIEL VOZZO: COLORIST
TODD KLEIN: LETTERER
ALISA KWITNEY, ASST. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER: EDITOR
BASED ON THE CHARACTER CREATED BY STEVE DITKO
HOLY BIBLE
I MET HIM IN A BAR IN *BETHLEHEM*, CHRISTMAS EVE...
BETHLEHEM KANSAS POP. 26,400 DRIVE FRIENDLY
I'VE STUDIED ASTROLOGICAL CHARTS...
...THE I CHING, THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS, NOSTRADAMUS...
...THE GNOSTICS, THE LYRICS OF BOB DYLAN, THE PAINTINGS OF MAX ERNST...
READ BETWEEN THE LINES AND EVERYTHING POINTS TO *THIS PLACE* AND *THIS TIME*...


ALL THIS MADNESS HITTING THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN THE CURTAIN RAISER. THE FINAL SIGNS THAT PROVE I'M RIGHT...
TOMORROW, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, THE NEW MESSIAH SHALL REVEAL HIMSELF.
WHERE ARE YOU FROM ANYWAY? CAN'T PLACE YOUR ACCENT.
I'M FROM A PLANET CALLED META AND MY REAL BODY IS DEAD AND IN A PLACE CALLED THE AREA OF MADNESS...
SORRY, FELLA. MUSIC'S TOO LOUD... WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU WAS FROM?
NEW ENGLAND.
NEW ENGLAND!
NEW ENGLAND, NEW MESSIAH. SEE? SEE HOW IT ALL FITS?


EARLIER THAT DAY I WALKED THROUGH THE STREETS OF BETHLEHEM.
CHRISTMAS CAROLS. EXCITED CHILDREN. THE BUSY SHOPS FULL AND GARISH.
B
A WHIFF OF NOSTALGIA FOR SOMETHING THAT WAS NEVER MINE.
I STARTED THINKING ABOUT CHRISTMAS ON META.
AND I WANTED SO MUCH TO *BELONG*...
ALL THIS TRASHY WARMTH. ALL THIS SUGARY RELIGION.
IT MOVED ME TO TEARS AND I WANTED IT.
IT MADE ME THINK OF CHRISTMASES ON META...

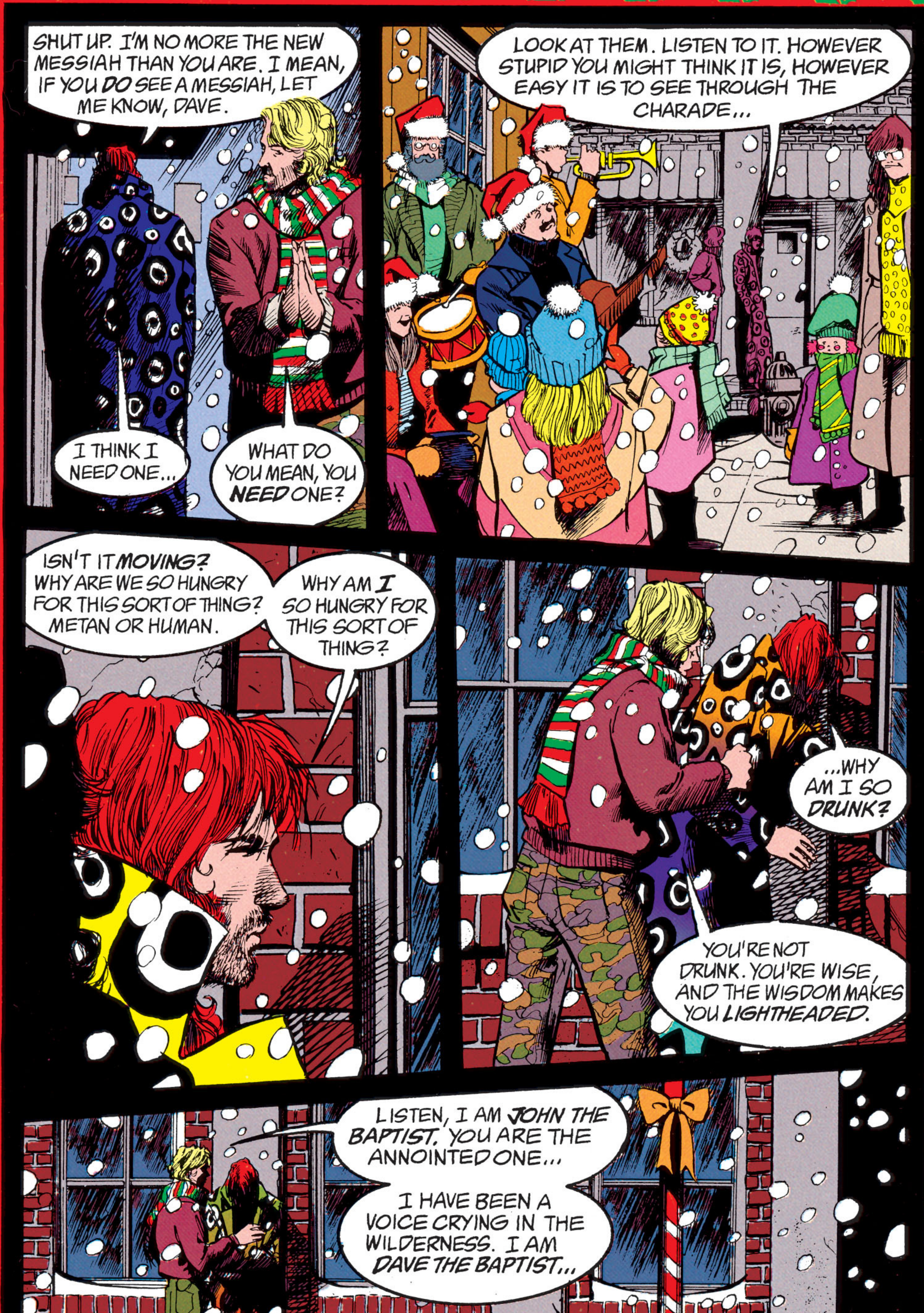

IT WASN'T REALLY CHRISTMAS ON META, OF COURSE, JUST OUR EQUIVALENT.
WE HAD OUR OWN PROPHET OR SON OF THE GODHEAD OR WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL HIM...
SMITH
HE CAME ABOUT TWO AND A HALF THOUSAND YEARS AGO.
THERE'S AN ANNUAL CELEBRATION ON META TO REMEMBER THE DAY HE DUG UP THE BONES OF THE DEAD AND BROUGHT THEM BACK TO LIFE...
VATION ARMY
SAVE THE WOR
THIS WAS OUR CHRISTMAS. THE DAY OF BONES.
IN OLDER DAYS FOLK WOULD DIG UP THE ACTUAL BONES OF RELATIVES AND HANG THEM IN THEIR *PARLORS*...
...FESTOONED WITH GARLANDS OF FLOWERS AND TINSEL...
VIDEO GAM
SALE
SA
VIDEO KILL
NEW!
NOWADAYS THE SKELETONS ARE *PLASTIC*, USUALLY FILLED WITH A SPECIAL LIQUID THAT GLOWS WITH BRIGHT COLORS. SOMETIMES THE PLASTIC SKELETONS PLAY *TUNES*.

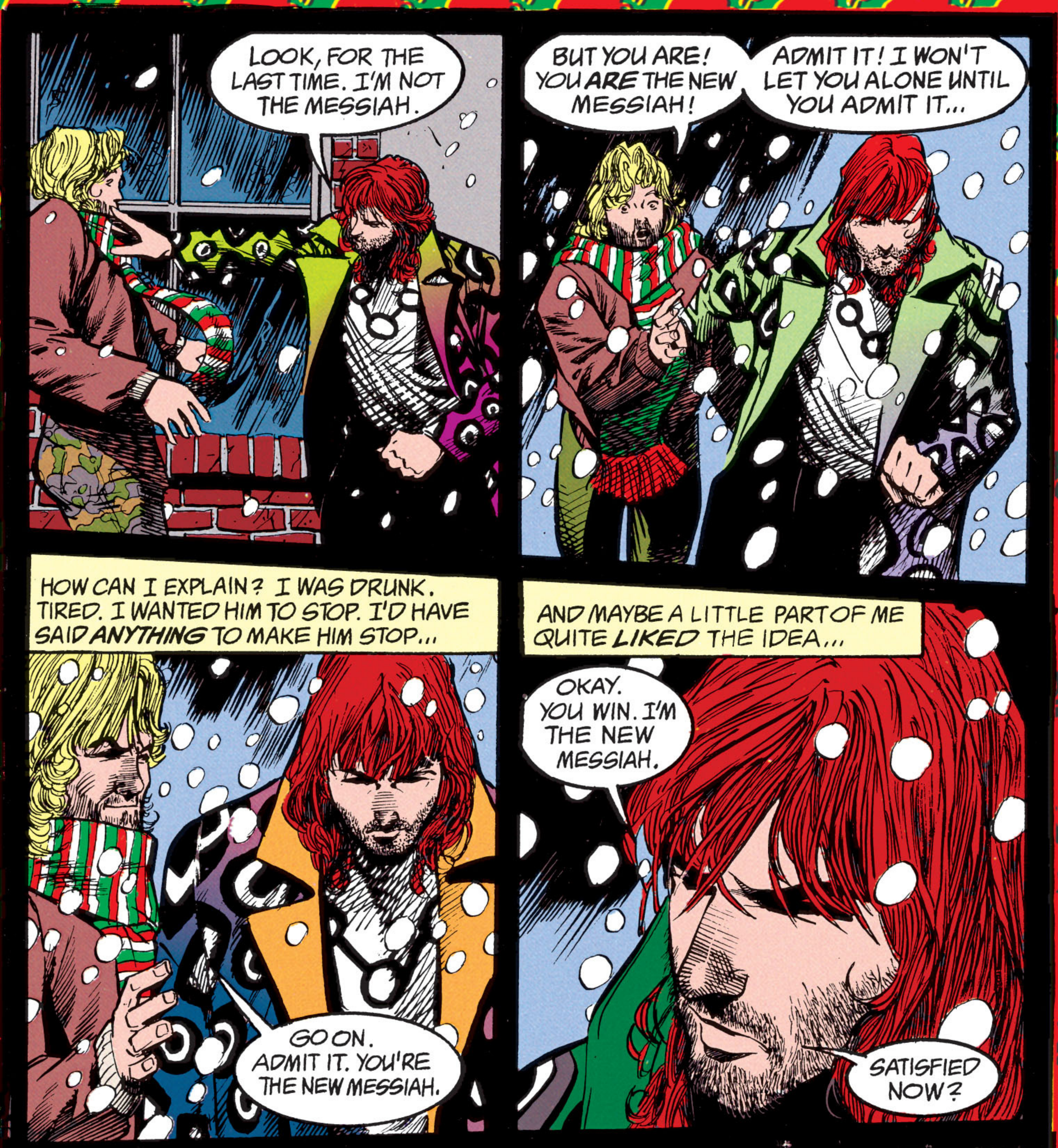

SOME PEOPLE THINK THE DAY OF BONES IS BECOMING TOO COMMERCIAL.
WE'RE FORGETTING THE REAL MEANING OF DIGGING UP OUR ANCESTOR'S SKELETONS...
WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN, HUH? THAT WE ALL HAVE A HUNGER AND FILL IT SIMILARLY?
YOU CREATE YOUR PROPHETS AND RITUALS, WE OURS? ARCHETYPES?
...AND A VERSION OF THIS OR EVEN THE SAME PERSON, CALLING HIMSELF JESUS, CAME TO EARTH?
OR DOES IT MEAN THAT THERE'S REALLY SOMETHING THERE? THAT A PIECE OF GOD CAME TO META...
I FOUND MYSELF WALKING THE STREETS OF BETHLEHEM WITH DAVE THE MESSIAH-SEEKER...
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? THE OVERWHELMING SENSE OF A GODLY PRESENCE? THE UNDENIABLE FEELING THAT SOMETHING HOLY IS ABOUT TO MANIFEST ITSELF?
OPEN
I'M SORRY. I JUST FEEL DRUNK.
MAYBE IT BLUNTS THE SENSES...
HEY WHAT'S WITH YOUR GUT?

I CAN'T HOLD HARD LIQUOR. IT GOES STRAIGHT TO MY **MADNESS VEST**...
JESUS! WHAT'S THAT?
NOTHING... IT'S NOTHING, JUST...
IS IT... ALIVE?
KIND OF. I THINK. IT'S OKAY, THOUGH. I CAN CONTROL IT...

I'M SORRY. IT'S THE DRINK. IT'S OUT OF CONTROL...
I'VE FOUND YOU.
WHAT?
I'VE FOUND YOU.
YOU'RE THE *NEW MESSIAH.*
♪♫♪ ♪...SILENT NIGHT... HOLY NIGHT... ALL IS STILL... ALL IS--♪♫♪

I HAD TO GATHER ALL MY SENSES TO GET RID OF MY LITTLE XMAS PRESENT...
THAT WAS... WONDERFUL...
HAVE A HIT OF THIS. IT WILL CALM YOUR NERVES...
THE LIQUOR WAS HOT AND NASTY. YOU'D HAVE TO BE DRUNK TO DRINK IT...
I'VE LOOKED SO LONG AND HARD FOR YOU. I KNEW I'D FIND YOU. I KNEW IT WOULD BE CHRISTMAS.
DON'T BE SO STUPID. *ME?* THE *NEW MESSIAH?*
YOU MUST BE. I SAW WHAT YOU DID. IT WAS A *MIRACLE*. IN TWO THOUSAND YEARS FOLLOWERS MIGHT BE READING A HOLY BOOK DESCRIBING THIS...
...AND FROM HIS VERY SELF DID THE NEW MESSIAH ISSUE FORTH A SANTA CLAUS OF HIDEOUS ASPECT...

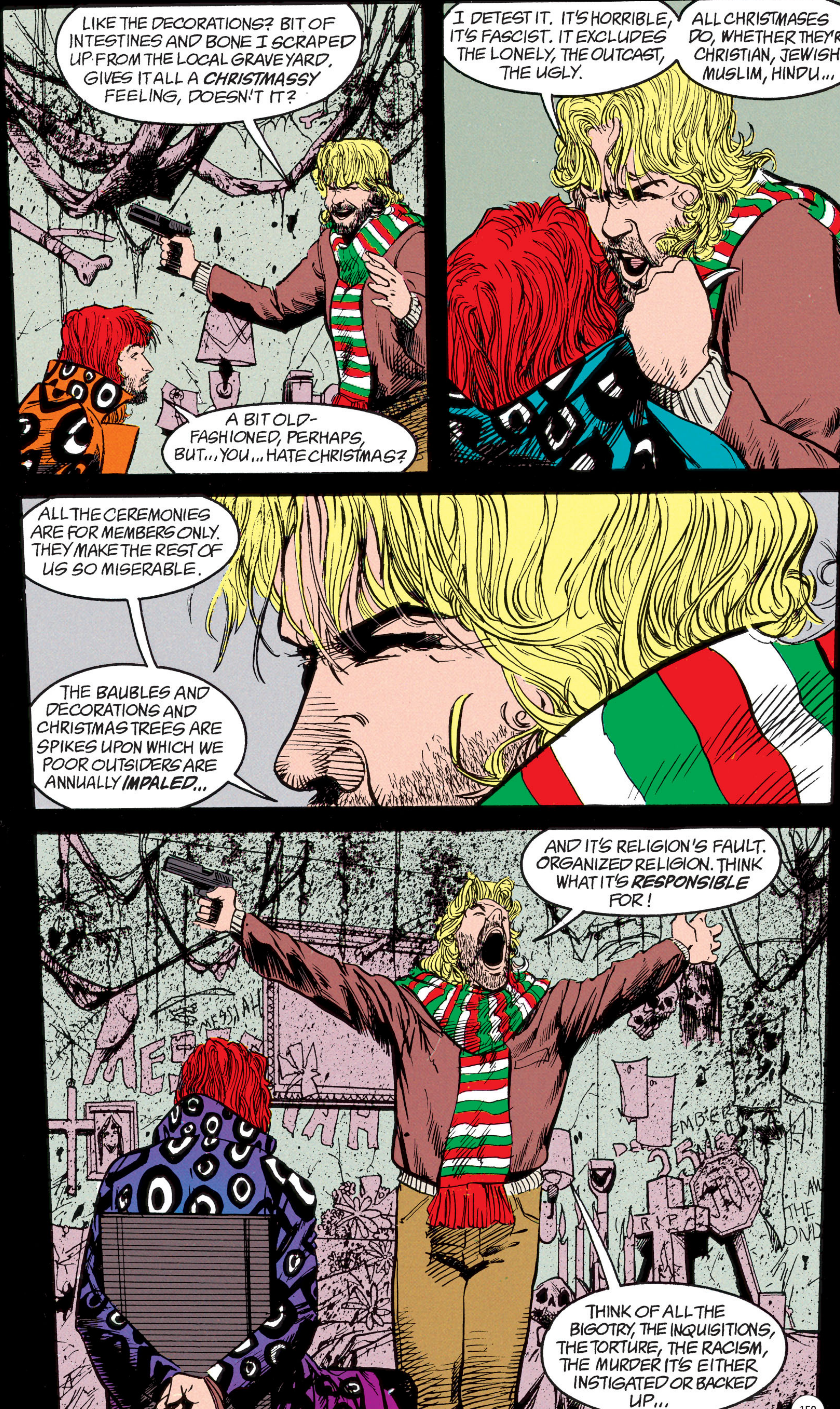

SHUT UP. I'M NO MORE THE NEW MESSIAH THAN YOU ARE. I MEAN, IF YOU **DO** SEE A MESSIAH, LET ME KNOW, DAVE.
I THINK I NEED ONE...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU **NEED** ONE?
LOOK AT THEM. LISTEN TO IT. HOWEVER STUPID YOU MIGHT THINK IT IS, HOWEVER EASY IT IS TO SEE THROUGH THE CHARADE...
ISN'T IT **MOVING?** WHY ARE WE SO HUNGRY FOR THIS SORT OF THING? METAN OR HUMAN.
WHY AM **I** SO HUNGRY FOR THIS SORT OF THING?
...WHY AM I SO **DRUNK?**
YOU'RE NOT DRUNK. YOU'RE WISE, AND THE WISDOM MAKES YOU **LIGHTHEADED**.
LISTEN, I AM **JOHN THE BAPTIST**. YOU ARE THE ANNOINTED ONE...
I HAVE BEEN A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS. I AM **DAVE THE BAPTIST**...


LOOK, FOR THE LAST TIME. I'M NOT THE MESSIAH.
BUT YOU ARE! YOU **ARE** THE NEW MESSIAH!
ADMIT IT! I WON'T LET YOU ALONE UNTIL YOU ADMIT IT...
HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? I WAS DRUNK. TIRED. I WANTED HIM TO STOP. I'D HAVE SAID **ANYTHING** TO MAKE HIM STOP...
GO ON. ADMIT IT. YOU'RE THE NEW MESSIAH.
AND MAYBE A LITTLE PART OF ME QUITE **LIKED** THE IDEA...
OKAY. YOU WIN. I'M THE NEW MESSIAH.
SATISFIED NOW?
BOKKK!

UHHRRR...
FOR A MOMENT THE WORLD WAS LIKE AN ABSTRACT PAINTING OF AN EXTINCT ANIMAL...
...POINT STRUGGLING, MESSIAH. I PUT A LITTLE SOMETHING IN THAT DRINK I GAVE YOU...
...SO MUCH FOR THE SECOND COMING, HUH? GUESS YOU WERE A BIT PREMATURE...
WHAT'S... HAPPENING?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S HAPPENING. MY TIME IS WHAT'S HAPPENING. THE TIME I PLANNED AND WAITED FOR.
FEAR TIME. HATE TIME. THE HOUR OF HEAVENLY HORROR...
WHILE YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING I'VE BEEN BUSY COLLECTING...
THIS WILL BE A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER!

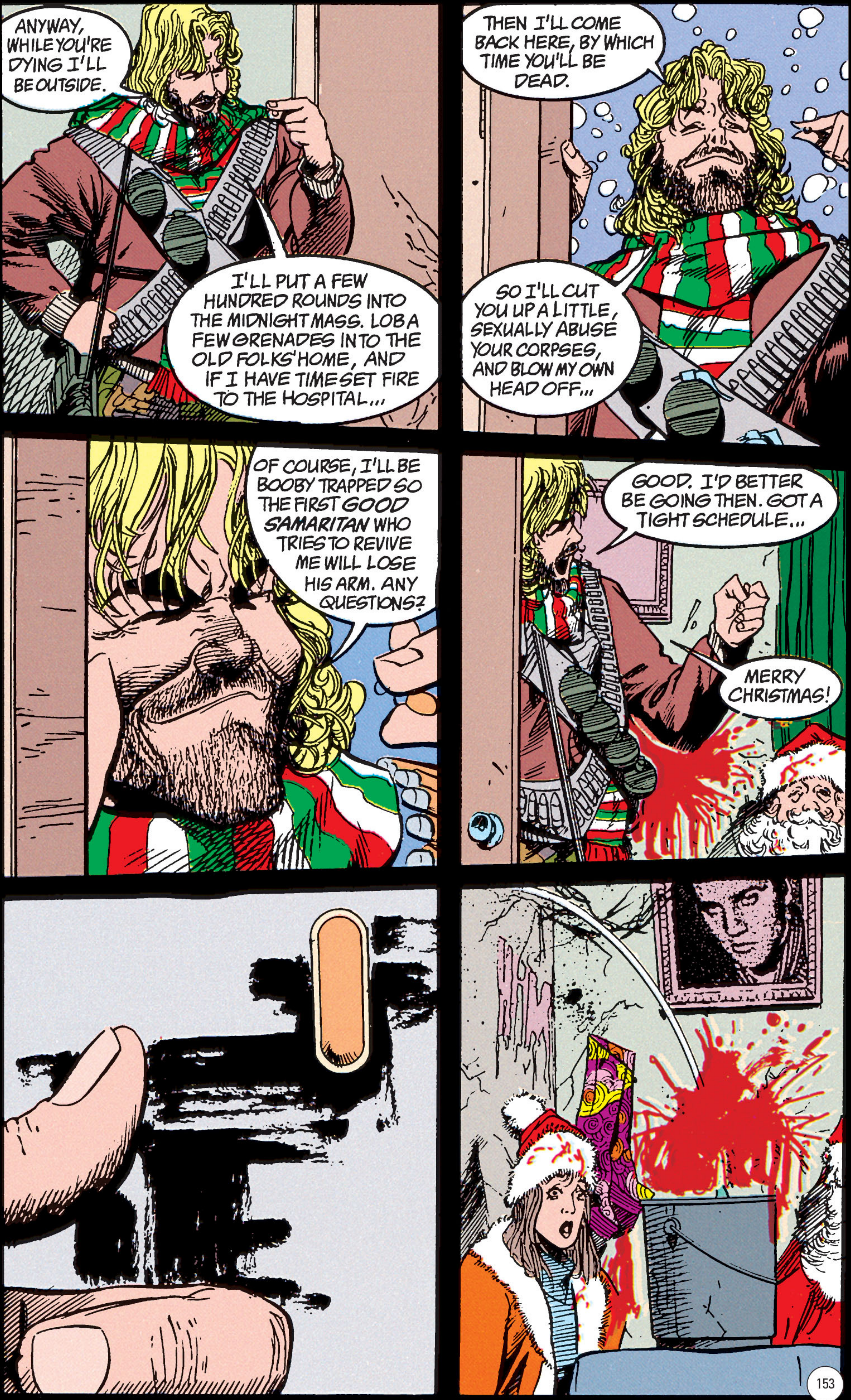
IN THE NAME OF GOD...
I WON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF LANGUAGE HERE...
...IT ISN'T NICE.
FMM FMM FMMM
AIEEEE!
AIEEEE!
STRUGGLING! FIGHTING! RELAX! YOUR TIME WILL COME SOON. AFTER I'VE RAISED A LITTLE CAIN AROUND *BETHLEHEM, U.S.A.*
I DON'T UNDERSTAND... YOU SAID YOU'D COME TO BETHLEHEM TO FIND THE NEW MESSIAH...
AND I DID. AND NOW THAT I'VE *FOUND* HIM...
I'M GOING TO *KILL* HIM...

WELL, YOU KNOW BY READING THIS LETTER THAT HE *DIDN'T* KILL ME. UNLESS...
UNLESS HE *DID* KILL ME BUT THINGS HAVE GOT SO MAD I DON'T EVEN KNOW IT.
COULD THAT HAPPEN? ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I FEEL FAIRLY DEAD...
DEAD OR NOT, I REMEMBER TRYING TO DO SOMETHING TO STOP MAD DAVE THE MESSIAH KILLER.
BUT A MIXTURE OF THE DRINK AND THE DRUGS HE'D SLIPPED ME MADE ME USELESS. THE MADNESS WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME ANYMORE...
I TRIED TO MAKE A LARGE FIST TO SMACK HIM WITH BUT ALL I CREATED WERE A FEW WHITE FEATHERS AND A BAD SMELL...
THAT WAS ALL I COULD MANAGE...
AND EVEN THAT WORE ME OUT...
WHY... WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY. I'LL TELL YOU EXACTLY WHY.
I *HATE* CHRISTMAS.


LIKE THE DECORATIONS? BIT OF INTESTINES AND BONE I SCRAPED UP FROM THE LOCAL GRAVEYARD. GIVES IT ALL A **CHRISTMASSY** FEELING, DOESN'T IT?
A BIT OLD-FASHIONED, PERHAPS, BUT... YOU... HATE CHRISTMAS?
I DETEST IT. IT'S HORRIBLE, IT'S FASCIST. IT EXCLUDES THE LONELY, THE OUTCAST, THE UGLY.
ALL CHRISTMASES DO, WHETHER THEY'RE CHRISTIAN, JEWISH, MUSLIM, HINDU...
ALL THE CEREMONIES ARE FOR MEMBERS ONLY. THEY MAKE THE REST OF US SO MISERABLE.
THE BAUBLES AND DECORATIONS AND CHRISTMAS TREES ARE SPIKES UPON WHICH WE POOR OUTSIDERS ARE ANNUALLY **IMPALED...**
AND IT'S RELIGION'S FAULT. ORGANIZED RELIGION. THINK WHAT IT'S **RESPONSIBLE** FOR!
THINK OF ALL THE BIGOTRY, THE INQUISITIONS, THE TORTURE, THE RACISM, THE MURDER IT'S EITHER INSTIGATED OR BACKED UP...

AND NOW *YOU* COME ALONG. ANOTHER MESSIAH! ANOTHER TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF CELEBRATIONS AND RITUALS!
JUST WHEN WE'RE STARTING TO GET OVER THE LAST MESSIAH, *YOU* TURN UP!
WELL, WE'VE HAD TOO MANY ALREADY!
WE'VE HAD TOO MANY PROPHETS AND MESSIAHS AND GURUS AND WISE MEN...
WISE MEN! GIVE ME AN *HONEST FOOL* ANY DAY OF THE WEEK!
WELL I'M GOING TO MAKE TONIGHT *SO* HORRIBLE, *SO* BLOODY, *SO* DISGUSTING, THAT THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO CELEBRATE YOUR ARRIVAL.
THEY'LL TRY TO FORGET IT...
HOPEFULLY THEY'LL EVEN BLAME YOU FOR IT AND MAYBE COME TO THEIR *SENSES*...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M TAPING UP THE WINDOWS.
NO, THERE'LL BE NOTHING FOR FOLLOWERS TO READ ABOUT IN TWO THOUSAND YEARS.
NOTHING ANY DECENT FAMILY WOULD WANT TO CELEBRATE. CAN YOU IMAGINE THEM MAKING UP CAROLS ABOUT *TONIGHT?*
SILENT NIGHT! HORROR NIGHT! ALL ARE MURDERED, TORTURED AND MAIMED...
CRUSHED BY DEBRIS, DISMEMBERED BY KNIVES...
HEADS BLOWN OFF FROM HUSBANDS AND WIVES...
THERE. ALL READY. NOW I'LL GO THROUGH THE ITINERARY QUICKLY WITH YOU.
I'M GOING TO DROP THIS *CYANIDE PELLET* INTO THIS BUCKET OF ACID AND PRETTY SOON YOU'LL ALL BE DEAD.
THE TERM "PRETTY SOON" IS RELATIVE, THOUGH. FOR YOU GUYS, IT'LL SEEM LIKE AN ETERNITY. I'VE HEARD IT'S REAL NASTY.


ANYWAY, WHILE YOU'RE DYING I'LL BE OUTSIDE.
I'LL PUT A FEW HUNDRED ROUNDS INTO THE MIDNIGHT MASS. LOB A FEW GRENADES INTO THE OLD FOLKS' HOME, AND IF I HAVE TIME SET FIRE TO THE HOSPITAL...
THEN I'LL COME BACK HERE, BY WHICH TIME YOU'LL BE DEAD.
SO I'LL CUT YOU UP A LITTLE, SEXUALLY ABUSE YOUR CORPSES, AND BLOW MY OWN HEAD OFF...
OF COURSE, I'LL BE BOOBY TRAPPED SO THE FIRST *GOOD SAMARITAN* WHO TRIES TO REVIVE ME WILL LOSE HIS ARM. ANY QUESTIONS?
GOOD. I'D BETTER BE GOING THEN. GOT A TIGHT SCHEDULE...
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

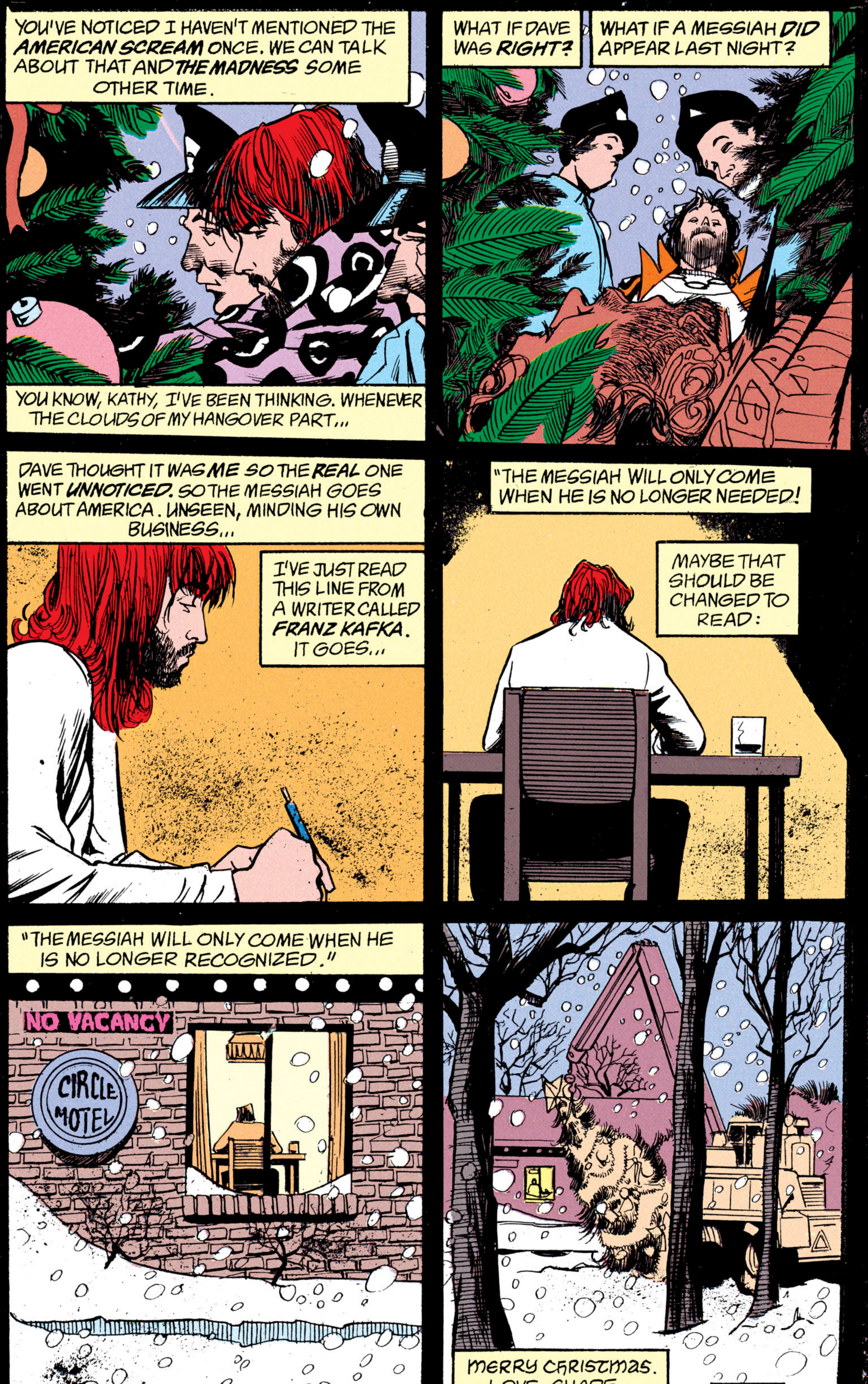
I COULDN'T DO IT MYSELF. I WAS DRUNK AND DRUGGED. YES, I KNOW THAT DRINK'S A DRUG TOO, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS, I THOUGHT...
...IT STARTED ON AN ELECTRIC CHAIR AND ENDS IN A GAS CHAMBER...
CAN'T HOLD YOUR DRINK, HUH, SHADE? WELL, I DON'T WANT TO DIE BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO TAKE A LITTLE LIQUOR...
STEP INSIDE YOURSELF, SO WE CAN *TALK*...
WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.
HAND OVER THE REINS TO ME FOR A WHILE. I CAN GET US OUT OF THIS EASILY. MERE ALCOHOL DOESN'T MOVE ME AT ALL.
QUICK NOW, MAN, THIS ISN'T ONLY ***YOUR*** BODY YOU'RE TOYING WITH HERE...

HIM
L-LOOK... AT HIM...

FDMMM FDMMM FDMMM
AIEEE IAEEE
NO VACANCY
AH! THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS AND SCREAMING. THAT WILL BE THE *MIDNIGHT MASS...*
OKAY, BROTHER. I'LL HAND OVER TO YOU NOW...
...BUT THIS IS *ANOTHER* FAVOR YOU OWE ME. WHEN THIS IS OVER WE NEED TO *TALK*. I WANT A LITTLE *DEMOCRACY* IN THIS BODY...

I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS, EVERYONE, BUT IT'S NECESSARY.
ANY OF YOU WHO ARE DRUNKEN ATHEISTS JUST HERE FOR THE SHOW CAN GO...
...THE REST WILL HAVE TO DIE.
FUDAFUDAFUDA FUDAFUDAFUDA
GNNGG
I WAS STILL A LITTLE DRUNK BUT NO LONGER TOTALLY IMPOTENT...
DAMN!
IT'S THE *MESSIAH!*
STAY AWAY! STAY AWAY OR I PULL IT!

HELL! THE POLICE!
BASTARDS!
KABOOM!


YOU'VE NOTICED I HAVEN'T MENTIONED THE **AMERICAN SCREAM** ONCE. WE CAN TALK ABOUT THAT AND **THE MADNESS** SOME OTHER TIME.
YOU KNOW, KATHY, I'VE BEEN THINKING. WHENEVER THE CLOUDS OF MY HANGOVER PART...
WHAT IF DAVE WAS **RIGHT?**
WHAT IF A MESSIAH **DID** APPEAR LAST NIGHT?
DAVE THOUGHT IT WAS **ME** SO THE **REAL** ONE WENT **UNNOTICED.** SO THE MESSIAH GOES ABOUT AMERICA. UNSEEN, MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS...
I'VE JUST READ THIS LINE FROM A WRITER CALLED **FRANZ KAFKA**. IT GOES...
"THE MESSIAH WILL ONLY COME WHEN HE IS NO LONGER NEEDED!
MAYBE THAT SHOULD BE CHANGED TO READ:
"THE MESSIAH WILL ONLY COME WHEN HE IS NO LONGER RECOGNIZED."
NO VACANCY
CIRCLE MOTEL
MERRY CHRISTMAS. LOVE, SHADE.
END.

Do you know what time it is?

Since he first manifested himself on Earth wearing the flesh of a dead serial killer, the dimension-traveling Rac Shade has been fighting against the personification of madness known as the American Scream. The battle has pulled him violently forward and backward through time and space, and driven his companion Kathy to the brink of death by alcoholism.

Now, in the western frontier of America's collective mythology, a final showdown is at last taking shape. Shade, the Changing Man, will discover the truth behind the Scream — as well as the ultimate cost of defeating it.

As one of the founding titles of the VERTIGO imprint, SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN exploded all the preconceptions of what a super-hero comic could be and launched the now-legendary careers of writer ***Peter Milligan*** *(HUMAN TARGET, GREEK STREET,* X-Force*) and artist* ***Chris Bachalo*** *(DEATH: THE HIGH COST OF LIVING, STEAMPUNK,* Excalibur*).*

SCREAM TIME collects issues 14-19 of this long-demanded series and continues to explore the remarkable, hallucinatory world that it brought to life.

vertigocomics.com
suggested for mature readers

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2 T
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